

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1861.

## For Charity's Sake.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,  
and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

*St. Paul.*

"God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble." As my husband impressively pronounced these words, at the morning hour of prayer, I felt my soul tremble with a deep vibration, as if my heart strings had been swept by a master hand, but no sign of emotion moved on my countenance. Nelson paused for me to respond, but I could not speak, and he read on.

"Therefore will we not fear though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea."

Then, for the first time in many dreary weeks, the delicious harmony of peace, and trust, and submission, sweetly echoed through the dark, mourning chambers of my soul.

I closed my book and went and laid my head in Nelson's bosom. I was faint with the sudden flood of light and bliss that poured into my heart, and could only say, "I am done with repining." My husband folded his arms about me and laid his cheek against my forehead; he did not speak, but I felt his heart throb with a great bound, and presently a tear rolled down over my brow.

In that hour of renunciation I felt that I had never realized my husband's deep love for me, and that tear unsealed my stubborn grief, and I wept the first comforting shower of tears since Eddie died.

For two days and nights we hung, in unutterable agony, over the couch of our only one, suffering more than the agonies of death ourselves, as the little, stricken lamb tossed with pain, looking up at us with a mute, pleading look, that pierced our hearts with anguish, for we could do nothing to help him.

My husband scarcely spoke in those hours of our bitter waiting, but lines of pain, and years, and suffering came into his face, and he would often rest his head upon Eddie's pillow, and I knew that he was praying.

For many hours we had not dared to look into each other's face for new hope, but as the last golden glimmer of sunset tinted the white counterpane, Eddie looked up with a bright smile, and feebly murmured "mamma." I smiled on him in return, and gave him one passionate caress, and took his little, weak hand in mine—it was not so feverish. Then I looked to Nelson for a sympathetic gleam of hope, but he was very pale, and bent over the child and said,

"Do you know me, darling?"

"O yes, papa! I feel better now."

At that moment I did not realize that he could die, and I went with a light, trusting heart to bring him some drink; when I came back, Nelson said, in a strange, hard, choking voice,

"Mary, our little boy is in heaven."

I gave one look at the still form and the face of angel sweetness—I felt the truth, and then all was dark. When I recovered my consciousness, I was lying upon my own bed, and Nelson was holding my hand. When he saw that I was conscious, he pressed my hand and said, in an unnatural tone,

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Then I remembered why I was lying there, and the iron entered into my soul and I replied calmly,

"He may be a God of justice, but I deny His mercy! I fear Him, but can never love Him!"

Why did He withhold His avenging sword when my lips uttered such blasphemy?

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth," said my dear husband, checking the tide of

his own mighty grief that he might be my comforter, and not even chiding my rash, impious words.

"I shall never be reconciled to this chastisement, for I do not deserve it!" I replied, and a deep sense of the dreadful blow swept over me, and I went into convulsions.

How richly did I deserve even more than this, but God, from the infinite fulness of His compassion, spared me my noble husband, and I did not even thank Him for it. All night long I seemed hovering over the grave, my heart throbbing fearfully, as if to burst its confines and go with Eddie, "into the silent land." I could not speak, but I was intensely conscious of my great loss; and I knew that my husband never left me, and I remember that he bent over me in anguish, and prayed,

"O, God, if it be possible let this cup pass away from me. Spare this only treasure of my heart, yet a little longer."

After a little while he added,

"Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

This was the third night since I had slept, and towards morning, worn out with watching and the intensity of my grief, I sunk into a deep sleep of exhaustion. When I woke I was calm. I went to the couch where they had laid my little boy, and lingered hours, arranging the flowers, or laying the brown curls in a prettier manner about his beautiful brow, laying his cold hands against my cheek, where they were always placed when Eddie came to my side with his "Please mamma," seeking some favor. Then the soft hand would steal caressingly to my cheek, as though he knew, instinctively, the way to my heart.

How cold they were and passive! How still every limb, that used to be so full of life! If life would come back into that beautiful clay, would I ever say impatiently, "Do keep still, Eddie! How restless you are!" O, this dreadful rest and stillness, never to be broken till the graves shall again be unsealed!

I did not weep. I did not go to my stricken companion and soothe his grief with sympathy. I was too selfish in my sorrow to care for the sorrows of others. My heart was cold—cold as the brow of my lost Eddie. I cared nothing for others' grief, and scarcely for my own.

So we laid our darling in the grave, garlanded with roses, but unblest by tears. I gathered my sorrow sullenly into my heart and shut it in, barring the doors closely against all sunshine, and love, and even the holy Dove of peace, that was fluttering against the iron bars.

Nelson never spoke to me again of our loss,

or tried to point me to the loving Father. I think he feared another outbreak of my rebellious passion; yet he was, if possible, more tender in his manner towards me than ever, but I never returned his caresses, or noticed his sad smile. My heart was in Eddie's grave. I gathered up all his little toys, and the garments I had been so proud in making, and carried them to the nursery, where stood his crib, and cradle, and baby carriage, and rocking horse, and new sled; and here, among these mementoes of the living, I held communion with the dead, leaving my sorrowing companion, day and night, to indulge my selfish grief in "my baby's" little room. In this sinful manner, I spent six weeks of the glorious spring-time, that should have drawn my thoughts to the "everlasting spring" above. I wonder that God did not leave me in this darkness and take His Holy Spirit from me forever.

"O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, for His mercy endureth forever."

One day, Nelson came home from the city and I was sitting in the parlor, looking mournfully into the west, where the sun was sinking.

"Mary," said he, with forced cheerfulness, "I have brought you that copy of Beethoven's Melodies, would you like it now?"

The delicacy of the act, the singular appropriateness of the gift, and above all, my husband's tender solicitude, went to my heart. I looked up and tried to smile my thanks, a dubious effort I fear, for my eyes filled with tears, but he seemed to understand me, for he stooped and kissed my brow and turned hastily away. I went and unlocked my piano, a birth-day present from Nelson in our honeymoon, and struck the long silent keys. The subdued harmonies of this sweet, old master, were in sympathy with my sadness,—no chord of the sublime music jarred on my soul, but I think the clouds were breaking. I slept but little that night, and my thoughts were less upon the little grave. At our morning devotions, Nelson read that passage from the Psalmist, "God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble," and it unbarred the doors of my soul, as I told you, and light, and love, and peace poured in like a flood.

Long I wept on my husband's breast, and earnestly prayed that my sins might be forgiven. From that day my husband did not want for my sympathy and love, and our home began to wear a faint look of cheerfulness. But O, how we missed a little prattling voice, and the busy patter of baby feet.

through those lonely, silent rooms! And how our hearts ached for the clasping of those soft, dimpled arms! Those who have laid up such treasures in Heaven, may "feel, but cannot tell." I think Nelson felt this loneliness more than I, if it were possible, for I am very quiet, and somewhat taciturn, in my social relations, so one day he shocked me by proposing that we adopt some orphan child; he thought "our Father in Heaven would not be displeased with us if we should give a home to some unfortunate, homeless child." He even embraced the idea, that it was our duty to do some such charity.

I never oppose my husband's wishes, so I told him that I would think of it, and give him an answer the next day. We were abundantly able to give of our substance to the poor, and there was no reason why we could not take some poor child and educate it, and point it in the way of Truth.

So I consented to Nelson's proposition, "for charity's sake." The thought of taking another child into our home, to fill Eddie's place, never entered my heart. I should sooner have thought of exchanging diamonds for pebbles. The very idea was sacrilege!

When Nelson went to the city, he said to me, "I think I will make some inquiries about this business, Mary, if it will suit you."

"O, yes," I answered, mechanically. "I don't care about doing anything myself, if you are willing to excuse me."

"I would like to have your co-operation, my love; but I will try and meet your approval."

"My dear husband, you never did anything that I could not heartily approve, and so I have learned to feel a perfect trust in you, that I do not think earth or heaven could shake!" I answered, warmly, for I was much moved by his deep anxiety to conform to my wishes. His voice was a little unsteady as he replied.

"You are a great comfort to me, Mary." Then he kissed me good-by, and after he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and cried a long time. Perhaps I was foolish, but I know I was happy, because I knew my husband loved me so dearly, and I resolved then and there that I would make a greater and nobler effort to comfort and cheer him.

I was happier that day, and went out for the first time into the blossoming fields, and returned laden with fragrant flowers and boughs of cedar and tender maple. I knew that I was very dear to my husband's heart,

but it is strange how those simple words of avowal lingered in my soul, like rich music,

"You are a great comfort to me, Mary."

O, woman's heart is a strange thing, and a word of truthful love will send great waves of bliss surging over it, till it is overwhelmed with happiness. Words of affection; how they are hoarded, while the giving would not impoverish the giver, but would enrich a woman's heart with untold delight.

That evening I went out to the gate to watch for Nelson's return, just as I used to do in those halcyon days of our early wedded life, when the hours were divided into two parts, the golden ones, when he was with me, and the leaden hours, when he was away.

Nature seemed strangely beautiful that evening. I noticed everything that was sweet and lovely, from the dark pine forest on the hill and the graceful foliage of the old elms in the valley, to the daisies in my garden border, and the robin marching, with his double quick-step and halt, across the street. I never had felt so buoyant and happy, since the hour that the happiness went out of my life, and I longed for Nelson's coming that he might know all the sweetness that was thrilling my soul. My heart fluttered as I heard the impatient tread of Fanny's hoofs in the distance, and I bent forward, in the twilight, to catch the first glimpse of the chaise through the trees. When it approached, I distinguished voices, and one was the clear, silvery soprano of a child. I thought that Nelson had brought home one of Sister Anna's children, but when he drove up to the gate and stopped, I saw two strange children with him, a girl, of about nine, and a boy, apparently four years.

My husband bent a look of deep anxiety upon me, as he fervently returned my embrace, but he met only smiling curiosity in my eyes. I had been too deeply happy to show any symptoms of vexation, or even feel any.

"I have borrowed a couple of babies for you, Mary," he said, with an effort to seem careless. "If you don't like them, I will take them back to-morrow. After I left you this morning, I thought more and more upon the subject, and when I reached the city, I resolved to go up to the orphan asylum and make some inquiries. Mr. Blake took me round, and talked with the children, that I might judge of them, and at last I spied this little fellow, sitting on the floor, behind his sister's chair, exhibiting some marks of Yankee genius, by tying everything together with a string. He was so absorbed that he did not

notice us, and I stopped to watch him. 'He's a busy little fellow,' said Mr. Blake, 'and as gentle as he is ingenious. He's a great pet.' I admired his quiet, abstracted movements, and his devotion to his business, and told Mr. Blake that I was much pleased with him, and would like to take him out and let you see him. He looked somewhat perplexed, and finally said, 'That's his sister, Mr. Foster, and I hate to part them. The fact is I had some trouble by making the attempt last week. A wealthy man in town wanted to take the girl, and we succeeded in parting them. It's a hard case, sir; we think children soon forget, but there's a difference in children. This little fellow grieved and sobbed all night, even in his sleep. He didn't make much noise, but he took it to heart so, that I could not bear to be with him; he neither ate nor played for two days, and the second day the man who had taken his sister, brought her back. I declare, sir, I shouldn't have known her, she was so white and sick looking.' 'Well, Mr. Blake,' says he, 'I've had a sorry time of it. You'll have to take her back, for wife says she'll die without the boy, and in fact I thought she was dying last night.' 'You see how it is, Foster, I can't bear to part them, and 'twont be much use to try it again, I reckon.'

"I did not think that I could take them both, but the longer I looked at them, and heard Mr. Blake talk with them, the more I thought that I could take two, as well as one. The girl was so matronly and polite in her conversation, and had such a pretty way of admonishing her brother. I thought I would bring them out and see what you thought about them."

I thought that my staid husband was growing quixotic, but did not say so. I said, as usual, "I will think of it, Nelson."

All the while we had been talking, on the veranda, the children sat on the steps, in a low conversation, with their arms about each other, and the little boy had laid his head against his sister and was looking up into her face; she was evidently instructing him in regard to behaviour, for she ended with,

"Now, Willie, you wont forget, will you?"

"No, Lizzie; you see if I do!"

We took the little strangers into the parlor, and when the lights were brought, I scrutinized them more closely; I was glad to find no trace of resemblance to our angel boy. Willie's hair, instead of golden, was a dark, wavy brown, and his eyes, large and lustrous,

black eyes, while Eddie's were heaven-blue. Nelson watched me closely, as I mentally made these observations. I think he knew what was passing through my mind, for he remarked,

"He is very unlike our boy, Mary."

I saw that my husband had a deep yearning towards these homeless children, and would be bitterly disappointed, if I voted them back to the city. Though I could not share in his broad, expansive love for them, I could understand, that my duty required a sacrifice of selfish indolence, even for charity's sake.

*Duty* had suddenly become a great word with me. I pondered long and theoretically, upon my duties towards my fellow men, and fancied that I could be a martyr for the sake of duty. I saw how these children would occasion a total change in my domestic relations. Rooms must be prepared for them. I must arrange a system of study, and work, and play, of walks, and rides, and amusement, and above all, of religious instruction. I must attend to their diet and wardrobe. Indeed, half of my time would be absolutely required to meet all these demands—it looked mountainous, and I faltered, but then duty presented her brazen sceptre, and I yielded.

I was roused from such a reverie as this, by little Willie, who looked up shyly to his sister as though he feared what he was about to say might be improper, but he asked, timidly,

"Did you ever see anything half so pretty before, Lizzie?"

The little girl blushed with mortification, and turned from the marble statuette of the "Greek Slave," to which Willie had called her attention.

"If you please, ma'am, Willie never was in anybody's parlor before, and he don't know any better," she said to me, apologetically.

Nelson was greatly amused at this exhibition of delicate modesty, and I decided at once that children possessing such an exaggerated sense of propriety, could not be very vulgar, or familiarly disagreeable. I believe such qualities are inherent, and that it is just as impossible to educate some natures, up to a high standard of sensitive refinement, as to instruct a dog in belles letters. So before I slept that night, I told Nelson, that I was willing to make the trial if he wished it. How many epithets of love he lavished upon me, and called me so self-sacrificing and benevolent! Would I had deserved it!

The children seemed delighted with the prospect of living in such a beautiful house, though Lizzie was exceedingly confused be-



cause Willie said so in my presence. Before they got into their bed, Lizzie heard Willie say his prayers, and then repeated her own. I asked her who taught her to pray, and she told me, with many tears, about a mother, who had struggled through a widowhood of poverty, supporting herself and children with her needle, till consumption compelled her to lay aside her toil, and say farewell to her children and go down into the River alone, leaving them to the charities of a coldly selfish world.

Then I thought of Eddie, and how far better he was in Jesus' bosom, than these orphan ones, in the pitiless world. In the morning, after we had breakfasted, we put on the children's hats, and gave them permission to go out into the garden walks. Nelson and I sat on the veranda, and watched them. Lizzie was so careful to keep her clothes from brushing against the flowers.

"O, Lizzie, here's roses!" exclaimed Willie. "Did you ever smell roses?"

"Yes, Willie. Mother had one once, in a pot, before you can remember, and once the teacher gave me one."

"Mayn't I smell, Lizzie?"

The little fellow put his chubby hands behind him and Lizzie held him by his frock, while he leaned forward to inhale the fragrance of the roses. His eyes were luminous with delight as he turned them upon Lizzie, and said, "O, it's good, Lizzie!"

He repeated the experiment with great satisfaction, and Lizzie followed his example. Nelson was deeply interested in all these little developments, and spoke earnestly of the wants of the soul, which the beauties of nature alone can feed. I had never seen him so warmly demonstrative, in regard to such things before. He went out into the garden and gathered a large quantity of roses, verbenas, and daisies, and said,

"I want you to see, Mary, how little it takes to bestow happiness upon young hearts."

Then he called the children, and they came forward with radiant faces. Lizzie thanked us for letting her walk in the garden. I asked her if she ever saw so many flowers before, and she said "yes," but was "never so near them before, to smell them, and see how they were made." Nelson asked if she would like to have some, and told her that he would give her all those if she would not pluck them without permission. She was quite bewildered, and actually burst into tears.

"Now don't cry, Lizzie," said Willie. "I think you might be glad!"

"I couldn't help it," she said, "I am very glad indeed, but I never had any before, and I didn't expect to." Nelson's eyes were moist at this result of his experiment.

Our new children were evidently very keenly sensitive to artistic pleasures, and to kindness. I went to the city that day, for the first time since Eddie died, to procure some necessities for the children's wardrobe. Husband added quite a little library of books and some useful toys, as balls, a skipping rope and a hoop. It is needless to tell the silent joy with which these presents were received.

Two weeks passed away quickly, and I had spent all my time with the children. I had fitted them up with nice clothing, and prepared a room for them to play in, and had even arranged all their little trinkets and books in place for them, and now I began to think seriously of sending them to school.

Of course they must go to school. I was tired of them! Yes, I can own it now, but I scarcely realized it then. I said to my husband one day, I really think it is wrong to keep the children from school; for I am so engaged that I cannot spend time to instruct them, and they are quite old enough to go. His eyes sadly swept my countenance, he knew my heart better than I did myself.

"Would you say so if they were your own, Mary?"

I think this is the only time my husband ever reproved me; but I did not heed it then, but repeated my suggestion, and he consented to take them to school on the following day. I don't know why, but he seemed to love them better than I did. Perhaps it was because I was so fearful of letting another take Eddie's place in my heart, that I shut it too closely against all others. I still kept the nursery locked, an inner sanctuary, too sacred for other eyes.

I felt relieved when Lizzie and Willie went to school. Willie cried at first, and begged not to be sent; but Lizzie told him that she should go without him, so he made no more ado. I can remember now that the poor little boy used to come home and climb on the sofa and lie very quiet after he came from school, and when Nelson would coax him to go out of doors and play, he would go and lean his weary, little head against his breast, and say, "Willie's tired. He don't want to play." Then Nelson would take him up in his arms and kiss him tenderly and rock him to sleep, and when the infant sleeper would put his hand up to his face, Nelson would press it

lovingly to his lips, as he was wont to do our own dear boy's.

It did not please me to notice these things, for I felt that Willie was usurping the rights of the dead. I had never kissed them! Yet I treated them kindly and never punished them, or spoke harshly to them. My disposition was commonly placid and passive, except when moved by violent storms. I was kind to them, and according to my logical theory, this was all my duty. I fed and clothed them, heard them say their hymns and prayers, took them to church and Sunday-school, and what more could be required of me? I had neglected my own culture and amusement for theirs, and was even teaching Lizzie to play, and everybody knows that it requires the patience of Job, to suffer the din, din, of a child, practising music lessons. I almost thought I was doing too much for my proteges. Ah, that reproof from my husband's lips! Would I think thus if they were my own?

Sometimes conscience did whisper it to me, and I have great cause to remember it, till memory itself ceases to be. I had more leisure now, for the children were absent eight hours; the school was so far distant, that they carried their dinner, and started half an hour before school time, so that I had ample time for my own amusement.

One afternoon I sat, in a very happy frame of mind, giving the last touches to a very successful "Beatrice," in crayon, when the sound of feet, on the gravel walk, called me to the window. A neighbor bore the senseless form of Willie in his arms, followed by a group of school children. I grew faint with terror and dismay, but sustained myself sufficiently to ring for the servants and go to the door.

"Bad cut in his head with a brick," replied the man, in answer to my questions.

I reached my hand for Lizzie, who was so ghastly white, I feared that she would faint away, but she did not notice me, and led the way to their room. She spread a large towel over the pillow herself, before they laid the wounded head upon it. Such presence of mind, as she displayed, was wonderful; bringing water and napkins, and even inquiring of me for the hartshorn. A boy was dispatched for the doctor, who came immediately and pronounced it a slight fracture of the skull.

It appeared that Willie was out with the other boys at recess, and was sitting on the ground, half concealed by the wood pile, when a large boy threw a piece of brick towards

a dog, with great force, and by some strange mishap, Willie was hit, instead.

Lizzie's black eyes, contrasting strangely with her pallid face, were fixed intently on the surgeon while he examined the wound, and applied restoratives to the senseless little one. I did not know till then, how dear the child was to me, and I looked to the doctor with an anxiety only less than Lizzie's. At last he said,

"The wound is not deep, Mrs. Foster; but the brain has received a shock that he may not recover from for several hours; but with proper attention, I do not consider him in immediate danger."

Then Lizzie swooned away, and while we were striving to bring back life to the two inanimate forms, Nelson came in. The quick pallor of his countenance told the intensity of his emotions, but he did not speak a word, for the doctor instantly told him what he thought of the case, so he applied himself to the task of reviving the lifeless ones, and soon Lizzie got up again, but her firmness was quite gone, and she trembled like an aspen in the rude blast.

All night we watched for some sign of life in Willie, but save the faint pulsation of his heart there was no motion in the little frame; but towards morning his lips quivered, and a spasm as of pain passed over his face. Only God knows what prayers of agony went up out of my heart that night. Conscience accused me ruthlessly, of wilful cruelty, neglect, heartlessness, and a selfish love of ease.

Conscience repeated my husband's words, "Would you have done so by your own?"

If Willie should die who would be to blame? Could I meet his sainted mother in Heaven, and tell her that I had done by her tender little boy as I should have done by my own Eddie? No, no! I never would have sent my little son, unprotected, to school. I never should have seen him come home, day after day, languid and drooping from the confinement of a close atmosphere and hard benches, without a word of sympathy or a loving kiss. O, no! I would never have bought ease and quiet at the expense of such suffering to my own little boy. I had much to reflect upon, much to atone for, and what wonder that I cried, in utter anguish to the Lord, to spare him to me!

At sunrise, he opened his eyes and looked up at us, with a gleam of intelligence. At first his glance lingered upon me, then sought Nelson's countenance, and a sweet smile suddenly lighted up his face. Why did he not

smile on me? O, bitterness! I had never smiled on him!

I touched Lizzie, who was lying on the lounge in hopeless, sleepless suspense, and she sprang to her feet, reading the happy change in my eyes.

"Lizzie," Willie murmured, as she hung over him in speechless joy.

For the first time, I put my arms around the little girl, and she buried her face on my shoulder and we wept together, while Nelson bowed in prayer of thanksgiving. When the doctor came, in the morning, he gladly told us that his patient was out of danger.

It was many days before Willie could bear the bright sunshine, or could have his poor head raised from the pillow; but I never sighed, because I must wait upon his many wants, nor wished to be relieved from the task. His dependence, and growing love for me, were very sweet, and I even taught him to call me "mother," in those long days of confinement.

If I was ever tempted to neglect him, or leave him to the care of the servants, conscience would whisper, "Would you do it if he were your own?" and I would return to him with a warm gush of tenderness, and make greater efforts to amuse him.

Our parlor was quite neglected for Willie's room, and it became, at length, a pleasure to us to sit with him, and watch the changing light in his lustrous eyes, and the childish play of his fingers among the flowers and toys, which we brought to his bed. And when, at last, he was able to be carried to the parlor and out into the garden, I have taken him from his pillows on the sofa, many times, that I might have the pleasure of holding him in my arms and having his dear head resting in my bosom; and when he could play gently about the room, I unlocked a sacred room, and let in the sunshine, and put away some little garments that hung there, and told Willie that this was his room; and though I was sad to think of the little boy that last sported among these toys, yet I was very happy, to see my Willie so glad.

Now I see the beauty in duty, and when I say, "for charity's sake," that word is ponderous with meaning, for I think of that charity which is expressed in the injunction of our blessed Saviour, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I believe that duty without cheerfulness is not remembered in Heaven, but "God loveth a cheerful giver."

A year has passed since I learned this beautiful lesson. Lizzie is in the parlor playing and singing the "Hymn to the Virgin," in her peculiar musical manner, while Willie sits on "father's" knee, repeating the hymn that "mother" taught him to-day; and the pensive face of "Beatrice," looking down from the wall, seems invested with a sadder, holier light as these memories mingle with the crayon sketches.

Nelson tells me oftener than ever, that I am his "greatest blessing," and it does not make me feel ashamed.

I feel a river of light flow through my heart, from the wonderful Throne of God, and I drink from the chalice that He has filled for me, with great thankfulness, for I hope, through His abounding charity, that all my little, loving flock, shall one day be "numbered with His saints in glory everlasting."

PORTLAND, July 25th, 1861.

## Step-Mothers.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

It is a sore evil under the sun, a thing to be regretted and deplored, that if a writer wants to point a moral, an author to *adorn* a tale by the introduction of some unusually bad woman, a step-mother is generally chosen. God knows the name of step-mother is a hard enough cognomen to go by even before the woman has done anything worthy of villification; and I appeal to the recording Angel to-night if there are not upon his list a thousand—ay, a ten thousand good step-mothers.

Known only to Him above are the countless women who have filled well their lot as daughter, sister, member of society, until in some evil hour, they assumed the duty of step-mother, and then lost their good name forever. When I hear of a female who has never done any one any harm becoming a step-mother—especially if she be young—I think to myself, "What sins have her ancestors committed that she must be made the scape-goat for the community to bastinado?"

And to what is this tone in society tending? Are children to remain motherless? Is a man to remain solitary and alone for life, because God in His mysterious providence has taken away the light of his dwelling? Adam Clarke says, that many men are happier in their second or third marriages than in the first, and from my own experience, I can say that for children to rise up motherless, is a hard

road to travel, even though they have wealth and servants around them.

A bad step-mother would make a bad own mother, and *vice versa*, with very rare exceptions, one of which I will give.

Katy Williams, the flowers of Mount Auburn have blossomed and faded over you; the snows of winter have clad your grave in their winding sheet for many years. Katy lost her mother when she was an infant on the bosom, and when that mother had been but a two years' wife. When Katy was able to prattle and get into all kinds of mischief, Mr. Williams brought home a fair, young girl with blue eyes and soft, curly hair, who clasped little Katy to her bosom and asked her if she might be her mamma. Katy was three years old now, and a very wilful, mischievous girl at that. She had inherited her own father's quick, fiery temper, and was ready to fight her step-mother every inch of the way, "coz she warn't her own ma'ar; her pretty ma'ar wor dead in a groun." This was the skilful teaching of the old housekeeper, who felt jealous of the girlish mistress who had been ushered into the household. A crisis came; Katy came home from church one Sunday and insisted upon wearing her pink barege dress, which her mother wanted to change for a more suitable one for house wear.

"I wont wear that missal, that calicur, you bad mama," she screamed, and then struck at her.

Mrs. Williams saw that she must conquer or be conquered, and getting a rod proceeded to inflict punishment at once. It was only half an hour after as she was going down to the kitchen to see if dinner was ready, that she overheard the housekeeper say to the other servants, "If that ar chile's mother could get up out o' the grave, she widdent see her chile cut up that way by a young thing like her, that dont know nothin'."

Poor young girl-wife that Mrs. Williams was, she stopt, breathless; she retreated to her own room, pale and trembling; and there, before God, she made a vow that she should never again strike Katy, and she kept that vow. She won from the world the verdict of a good step-mother; she had good children of her own too, but Katy was an awful bad girl, they said. And here it is, reader, if a step-mother does her duty, she's bad, and if she dont do her duty the children are bad. Now, while there are some children with whom a rod is hardly ever needed, there are others with whom it is an utter impossibility to get

along without it. A woman is recreant before God who does not bring up her step-children as she would bring up her own, and what mother ever brought up a family without a judicious use of punishment? I have seen parents who didn't believe in ever bringing a rod into the house, and I have seen the fruits of their rearing grow up a curse to themselves and the community in which they resided. All of us mothers know how we pet the young and helpless children, and make the older ones "stand around," how the community, or perhaps I might better say, the neighbors of a step-mother, don't view it from this stand point. She pets the younger ones because they are her own; she makes the others stand around because they're not. Some mothers, who know nothing of that help that comes from above, in trying ordeals, let go their hold in this last dilemma; give it up because they have cruelly imputed to them where they mean nothing but discriminating justice, and after awhile lapse into bad step-mothers, just for want of that consideration and sympathy which an ordinary mother receives.

General Lyon has been buried with military honors; he stands high as a hero in the hearts of the people; and yet in the day of eternity it will be found that many a step-mother, taking charge of half a dozen bad children, has entered a field of difficulty such as he has never encountered; has won laurels beyond any that shall ever deck the brow of the dead hero. But alas! many have not the courage to wait, to stand public opprobrium, to live out the bad name and live in the good.

"Taint no use, ma'am," said a poor woman to me, the other day, "they was ruin't 'fore I got em; they've been doin' as they like this two years, since their mother died, and ef she was to come back she couldn't do nothin' with em herself, now they're grown so bad. He's got to bind the big ones out, or I'll leave the house. Maybe I can manage the little ones so as to make em decent. Any how, I'll do my best."

What could I say? I could make no reply but a few words by way of encouragement. But I knew what the world would say to her course. They were "bound out" because she was a step-mother.

FAIR HAVEN, Ill.

KEEP your temper in disputes; the cool hammer fashions the red hot iron into any shape needed.

## Sunbeams and Shadows.

BY EMMA W. BROADWELL.

I saw a little maiden  
Playing with the sunbeams bright,  
How her merry blue eyes sparkled  
As with innocent delight  
She gathered, in her childish glee,  
Her apron-full, with care,  
Then, peeping archly in, to see,  
She found no sunbeams there.

I saw her but a moment;—  
Yet that vision pure and bright  
Is shrined within my memory  
As some fair thing of light;—  
I seem to hear her silvery laugh  
Still ringing in my ear,  
As looking in her apron folds,  
She found no sunbeams there.

Once more she stood before me,  
A happy, trusting bride;  
A wreath was on her snowy brow,—  
Her chosen by her side.  
The dark and silken lashes  
Shaded the eyes of light,  
That danced in joy when years ago,  
She caught the sunbeams bright.

Again the vision passed away,  
As it had done before,  
And from that joyous wedding day  
I saw her face no more  
Till ten long years had glided on  
Since last with joy and pride,  
I saw that beauteous child of earth  
A young and blooming bride.

I mingled with the gathered throng  
That round the altar stood;—  
The memories of other years  
Rushed o'er me like a flood;  
Before me, in her snowy robes,  
As on her bridal day,  
In calm and passionless repose  
That lovely earth-child lay.

No wreath was on her marble brow,  
No sparkle in her eye;—  
'Twas Heaven's decree that this sweet flower  
Should only bloom to die;  
Yet not to die, but live again  
In far off worlds of light;—  
To dwell once more in happiness  
Amid the sunbeams bright.

The locks are changed from brown to gray  
That erst adorned my head,—  
Since those three visions passed away,  
The child—the bride—the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm dreaming now, I'm dreaming!  
And the vision I beheld  
Is the city of the ransomed,  
Where the streets are paved with gold;  
And, as I look and listen,  
Falls upon my ravished ear  
Music, not of mortal's breathing,  
Such as only angels hear.

And I see bright forms around me  
Floating in the perfumed air,  
Clad in robes of snowy whiteness  
Such as only angels wear.  
One there is among the number,  
Whom on earth I used to know,  
When, a child, she watched the sunbeams,  
Watched them come, and saw them go.

By her golden hair I know her,  
By her pure and radiant brow,—  
For I saw the little maiden  
As I see the angel, now.  
Little change has come upon her,  
Save the eyes, on earth so bright,  
Now are beaming on her sisters,  
With a calmer, holier light.  
And the Saviour's smiles are resting  
On that being bright and fair,  
As she whispers to the angels  
*She has found her sunbeams there.*

## My Cogitations.

No. VI.

BY SARA A. WENTZ.

"There is no use in my thinking of going to Mrs. Gilgal's with the baby to-day," said Esther, the next morning, "I'll write her a note and excuse myself."

"Why should you disappoint her?"

"We are in so much trouble, and it would be so selfish to leave you alone to-day."

"Trouble! nonsense! it's all in an idea. You've never had more than your board and clothes, and you don't want any more, neither does Tim. You don't owe any debts, and I think you would be extremely silly to want to interfere with the beautiful life-scheme of the creator. As Tim told us, this mischance has come without intentional wrong on the part of any one," I spoke rather impatiently, for having slept little the night before, I felt very snappish, and had to try so hard not to show it.

"Tim was so miserable last night, it nearly killed me," sobbed the wife, "he was groaning over you and ourselves until three o'clock."

"Well, he has got to go through those bad feelings just like the measles or the small-pox;



there will be an end to them in a few days, unless you keep on a long face, and stir up his pure mind by way of remembrance. Don't tease him by talking to him when he is not in the humor, but be as sweet as sunshine; don't you see that women are exempt from business cares, on purpose that they may refresh their husbands by having opposite thoughts and feelings at the feminine end of the matrimonial lever? Here I am an old maid, and have to lecture you. Don't you want to go out to-day?"

"If it were not for leaving you! Mrs. Gilgal is so motherly, I wouldn't mind going there!"

"Then go, for there is nothing I shall enjoy so much as a quiet day. I want to make a business of seeing the good hand of God in this event."

Esther's beautiful eyes looked tenderly into mine, and after a fervent kiss she left me. An hour after, she brought up the baby for farewell praises, and then I was left alone to wrestle with the dismaying flood; it was a luxury not to have to sustain any one; had Esther been home, she would have hung upon me for comfort, and my understanding might have promulgated cheering truisms, while my feelings would have been in a cowardly turmoil. I wanted to rise up to the demand for faith—for loftier views. I had all my life looked with a sort of light disdain upon persons who "went into deep mourning" on account of the loss of property. Suddenly, I saw a pathos in such trials—a deep undertone; the loving heart must give up its pet schemes for bringing smiles and laughter over dear faces; the unwilling hand must be stretched out for striking. A gnawing, tightening, pressing sensation possessed me, and with a restless eagerness to dispel it, I went to the drawer of my bookcase to get a sheet of paper, on which I might write out the pain, and thus sweep it away, as the mesmeriser flings the unseen fluid from his fingers. As I tossed over letters and papers, my hand struck something sharp; it was a diamond ring that had belonged to Alice; a year before she had sent it to me as a new-year's gift; it had been hers many years. It was her prettiest jewel, and I knew how much she valued it. I recalled the feelings with which I had received it! I looked over the prairies, and saw my smitten child toiling to live, and sending me her ewe lamb, and "I cannot take it," had arisen in my heart. But then I remembered the sweet, unfeigned delight with which I had sent her a gift sometimes, I saw that it would be more

ungenerous to destroy that feeling, than to take what she could not afford to spare; so the "ewe lamb" feeling had passed away, to recur at this crisis with tenfold force. I looked again across the valleys, and saw my lambkin resting in pastures of hope; I saw her walking at my side, and turning to look into my face with such unquestioning trust, such assured content with our plans; I almost heard the new melodies rippling over her talk, and I saw the heart's-ease that she had freshly gathered to wear on her breast. I turned from this picture; I felt like Abraham, who bore the knowledge that he must offer up Isaac, though the child knew it not. I know of nothing that steadies one so much under trial and annoyance, as large views of past experience in connection with future blossoming and flowering.

It is not needful that the spiritual sinews should stiffen under the drill of divine discipline; but with the fulness of maturity should be linked more permanently the supple grace, the spring, the elasticity of youth. We want to command the material—the physical; this we cannot do, for the casket contains within its frailty a sceptre that must be potent until its existence is dissolved. But the king has delegated to us a divine right to command a stately symmetry for the immortal part, and more, He works for us by His infinite arts, that we may be urged to attain this symmetry. Thoughts like these passed vaguely through my mind, as I drew a chair, and sat down by the drawer that contained my choicest letters, my souvenirs, my own eagerly written meditations. I read some of the sweet letters in which other hearts breathed out their throes and their rejoicings; none of my dearest friends had escaped the fretting chisel, or the fierce stroke of the sculptor. One wrote, "I shudder when I look within, and see what the furnace of the world has made of me! It is too late; my hand is on the plough, and I must follow!" And yet this gay woman (as the world called her) had had a triumphant career; her pathway had been eased by wealth, enlivened by adulation. Another, who had for many years seen her life checkered by appalling trials, and by the torturing littlenesses and flesh-wearing toils of her lot, wrote, "I am forty to-day, and like a harvest I clasp to my breast the wealth of the past; my soul sings a soaring jubilee, and I smilingly nod adieu to the pining years that usher in the deep, rose-hearted morn. You know of the thundergust that sapped my strength in the morning of my life; it searched me with

its mighty force; it smote the rock, and lo! it opened to me a secret chamber therein; then was born the pathos of my nature, and the pity. Following came another thunderstroke; I bent sooner beneath 'it, and said, 'Amen,' to the good will of God. I count also the frettings that helped me between the great blows. A second chamber was opened to me in the rock, and then the exultation of my nature was born. Yes! I was thirty-five before I knew what exultation was. I have been caught up into the realms of God with a new understanding of my position; I am pierced with a sense of life's eventual amplitude; the glory hangs upon the steps now taken, one after another. Can I ever doubt again, or do aught but love the ways of God with me? I kiss His disposing hand; it is easy to wait His time for flowering. Once when I was under the cloud, I feared that I must lose something in order to gain a rich and luxuriant growth. I wanted always to see the sweet interest, the pretty charm, the winsome depth that makes life so attractive. I feared the deep pruning would make me severe, and calm, and moderate, but ah, *carissima*, I sing the song of victory, and everything of beauty and romance trips along the chorus, 'Coming! coming!' There is no sacrifice, when we look over the clouds, and see the shining hills of Eden. We catch at God's assisting hand, though it drag us through the 'rough places,' which are the shortest paths to the splendor; we cry only, 'Lift me up, O King! up higher!'"

Blessed forevermore be the sweet, deep thoughts that our bosom-friends send us; they rear a Jacob's ladder to the sky, and show us the angels ascending and descending upon it. After reading the letter, it seemed as if I breathed the freshness of spring, and I sank into the everlasting arms with a sense of rest. I have learned to have a feeling within a feeling, a "wheel within a wheel." The outer feeling takes an exact gauge of trouble, but from a deeper centre springs up an appeal, "Arise, O God, into thy resting place, Thou, and the ark of Thy strength." I know that He is coming with His protecting ingenuity to shield me from wrong allurements; He is coming to hold me up with His reserve of wonderful power; He is coming to strip away the filaments that have deterred a vigorous advance. Yes! I actually felt a burst of gratitude that I had not been passed over, but was cared for with this particular, personal attention to my needs. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment!" Under

this glow of satisfaction, this sense that the Lord intended to *promote* me, I seized pen and ink, and wrote to Alice. Not a word did I say of lost property; that was to be communicated in another mood. When I had finished the letter, it sounded very much like "huzza! bravo!" But that "discretion, which is the better part of valor," intimated to me that I had better now write a letter stating the sad facts of the case, and this letter must be sent off immediately. As I wrote, the blow struck me afresh, and showed me that the "huzza" letter, which might cheer *after* the catastrophe was comprehended, would only seem like heartlessness and want of appreciative sympathy, if read while Alice's heart was breathing its first shock of disappointment. In two days that letter should go.

The whole day had flown away unnoticed; I was just ready to open the street door on my way to the post office, when I heard a baby crying with a shocking degree of vigor. When I opened the door, what was my surprise to see Esther, that propriety-loving, modest woman, carrying her offspring up the steps by dint of extra exertion, and looking very red and distressed.

"Goodness, Esther! you look as if you had just arrived from the Emerald Isle!" I exclaimed, dropping on a chair. "Where is the little boy who carried your baby to Mrs. Gilgal's?"

Esther almost tossed the offending infant into my arms, between tears of laughter and vexation. "Why, Mrs. Gilgal had an early tea, and the boy didn't come, and I was afraid it would be lonesome if Tim didn't see me and the baby when he got home. You know, Cousin Dorothea, you have often wondered intensely whether children *always* seemed cherubs to Fanny Fern; she writes as if they did. I can explain it all now! She has never been without a nurse!"

COURAGE AND HUMANITY.—During a conflict at the farm of Rainerhof, in the Tyrolese war, in 1809, a young woman, who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine, with which to encourage and refresh the peasants; she had advanced to the scene of action, regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, carrying the wine upon her head, when a bullet struck the cask, and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident she endeavored to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb upon the orifice caused by the ball; and then encouraged those nearest her to refresh themselves.

## The Angel's Challenge.

BY LULU HOLMES.

"Watchman, what of the night?" Such were the words that broke, in sweet and solemn tones, across my waking dream. Then, amid the darkness around me, I caught the gleam of silvery wings, and the outline of a dim but glorious form, and I knew that an angel had spoken to me. As his searching question fell upon my heart, I could only ask in awe, "Am I, then, a watcher for my Lord?" Fixing a grave and tender look upon me, the angel replied:

"Knowest thou not, that as a wise commandant of an army places his sentinels to watch the long night through, so thy Lord hath placed thee? To every one who walks this earth, He hath assigned his position and his work. Around are enemies—above, the crown! and the word of your great Captain to each of His host is, 'Watch!' Not one may sleep at his post, not one neglect his appointed mission, for '*the morning cometh*;' and in the blaze of an unending day, every hour of this long night shall be reviewed, and the Lord himself award the crown, or sentence, 'to every man, according as his work shall be!'"

As he spoke, I heard sweet strains of music wafted down the sky, as from a chorus of golden harps, saying, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

In my rapt dream it was permitted me to listen, while the angel proceeded to bear his message to other hearts.

First he entered a low room, where lay a helpless sufferer. The dim candle scarcely served to light up the abode of poverty, or reveal the pale features, emaciated with weary months of pain. But on that worn face rested a heavenly glow of peace and joy. The clear light of God was shining into that sick man's soul. As he heard the tones of gentlest sympathy, "Watchman, what of the night?" he turned gladly to the welcome visitant, replying: "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning. For He commandeth His loving-kindness upon me, and in the night His song is with me." Sweetly the angel responded, "Brother, the night is far spent, the day is at hand;" and the sufferer's eye grew bright, as he heard the distant harmonies that sung of the crowns of glory which the Lord, the righteous Judge, should give, in that day, to those who love His appearing.

Again the angel passed within a quiet and cheerful room. The midnight lamp revealed a face upon which years of intelligent thought were written. God had given to that man intellect, energy, influence; and methought his would be a joyful response to the challenge,

"Watchman, what of the night?" But a closer view revealed a look of discontent, and long unrest marring those fine features. To the solemn word of questioning he returned, impatiently: "Where is the promise of His coming, for all things continue as they were from the beginning? I believe none of these things!" Replied the angel, "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. See that ye hear not His voice, saying, 'Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish!'" The listener's face only grew darker and more repellant, till the angel turned in sadness away, saying, "He that scorneth, he alone must bear it." Anxiously I watched the mistaken man for one moment, a troubled questioning look passed over his thoughtful countenance, then he turned resolutely to resume his study of earthly science, leaving the great problem of *the life to come* all unsolved.

Next was visited a place of business. Here sat at his late toil the diligent merchant. For long years he had striven to hush the higher voices that spoke to his soul, and content his immortal aspirations with the paltry exercise of *living to himself*. But his earthly plans had disappointed him—he had learned bitterly to say, "Here is no rest—is no rest." And though he felt at times, that in the service of God and his brothers he could find relief and repose, yet he obeyed not the conviction. Now, as the angel's words rung upon his heart, "Watchman, what of the night?" his quick response was given, half in irritation, half in anger, "I know not—am I my brother's keeper?" But, as he bowed his head, I knew he heard the heavenly voices, saying, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Now he approached a strong and noble man, who bore with him in his busy life the love and honor of his fellow-men, and, better than all, the love and friendship of his God. In the darkness, as the question came to him, "Watchman, what of the night?" he was about to reply promptly, "All is well!" But the angel proceeded, "Where are thy companions? How many art thou leading with thee to the light?" I saw the flush rise on that manly cheek, and the strong head bent low upon the folded arms, as the angel repeated the charge: "Watch ye,

stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong." And the harps above responded, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Again the bright messenger paused. To one, who had as yet seen but few of these hours of watching, he came to say, "Watchman, what of the night?" Surprise and joy flashed over the bright young face, at the message from his Lord, while he exclaimed, "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." "Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, for therein do I delight." Sweeter than mortal music rung the golden harps down the sky. "Because he hath set his love upon me—with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Once more the angel drew near, where a fair and peaceful face was looking out upon the beautiful starlight. He whispered kindly, "Watcher, what of the night?" She knew the voice, and loved it; but, alas! she had no answer ready. Gently the heavenly adviser counseled, admonished, encouraged her, till, as he departed, I heard her low voice singing,

"Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?"

Thus passed the hours, till in the east the gray dawn broke, and the morning appeared, an earnest of that brighter *morn which cometh*, when "there is no more night."

## Defects and Shadows.

BY HELEN E. CUTLER.

My friend Mrs. Allen boards. She came to my room this morning, and related some of her experiences and grievances in this line. As near as I can recollect, they were like this:—

Among the boarders is a widow Stevens, who, having "nothing to do," no promising ventures in the matrimonial market just now, and no resources within herself, like many persons similarly situated, she falls to speculating upon her neighbors; in this instance, her fellow-boarders.

She comes to my room occasionally, and opens up, endeavoring to get my opinion with regard to them. To-day, she broached the character of our landlady very carefully.

She had discovered several "spots and blemishes," in her make up and management. She hinted that the food was not always pre-

pared with the care fastidious people would desire, in the way of cleanliness. She had made some discoveries to that effect, in the culinary department—accidentally—of course she was not on a spying mission. Only this morning, she saw the girl drop a piece of toast on the floor, and pick it up, and replace it on the plate which she was bringing in for our breakfast.

Wherefore repeat these things? I thought. What good will it do? and it engenders unpleasant feelings. "I know the same thing used to happen to me at school," she went on, "till I was tempted to have a placard placed upon my door, '*Fault-finders desired not to enter.*'"

We should not shrink from pointing out error where it exists, and bad moral influences result from it; but to set ourselves to endeavor to spy out wrong, just for the gratification it affords us, when we have no power to remedy it, and it has no perceptible evil effects, is not only useless, but cultivates a state of ill feeling in ourselves, till nothing but imperfections loom up in our whole horizon. In those days I was disposed to have full confidence in persons and things, if appearances were fair; and wherefore the use of introducing me to the unpleasant reality beneath the surface, when I was in no danger of being harmed by the pleasant seeming, and it made me happier?

A favorite teacher was once exhibited to me in an unfavorable light, in this way, and the charm destroyed that I had before felt in her presence. Sometimes, some defect in the culinary arrangements would be disclosed to me, as in the case of to-day, spoiling a meal, perhaps, to which I should otherwise have come with a whole appetite.

I remember an instance of this kind, that detracted from the pleasure of my dinners for a month. One day, my next door neighbor thrust her head out of her room door, as I was passing to the dining-hall, in answer to the dinner-bell, and, with the brush in one hand, and her hair in the other, for she had suspended the operation of smoothing it, preparatory to going down, to impart an unpleasant bit of information, she hastily whispered, "don't eat any of the salad at dinner; I passed through the kitchen a little while ago, and saw the cook rinsing it in the wash-hand basin." I passed on to dinner, with this image before my mind—cook rinsing the salad in the wash-hand basin.

It happened that I was extremely fond of salad, it always seemed to give a relish to my other food; but, though I took some when it

was passed to me, I did not taste it, and the zest of my dinner was spoiled.

For a month I did not taste any salad, and missed it every day. Then, one day, accidentally passing through the kitchen, just before dinner, there stood cook washing salad again. I scrutinized a little closely the vessel in which she was performing the operation; it was not the wash-basin at all, but a pan somewhat resembling it, and which one desirous of seeing things in an unfavorable light might easily, by a trick of fancy, convert into the veritable article. And here I had lost a score of dinners—lost the full enjoyment of them, from the propensity of one with optics sharp “to see what was not to be seen,” in the way of faults. It is never best to go peeping behind the scenes much. As a general thing, it is better to take things for what they pass for. Isn't it?

### Unto Thee.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh, Lord, I thank Thee for Thy grace,  
Shown in a thousand ways,  
And for Thy generous care of me  
I owe Thee songs of praise;  
For peaceful days and quiet nights,  
Life, home, and liberty,  
Gifts that are precious to the soul,  
I owe them all to Thee!

I thank Thee that in storm and calm,  
Thy care has been with me,  
And that my loved ones have not gone  
Out o'er the shoreless sea;  
While others, dear to many hearts,  
Have sped the graveward way,  
My household idols still remain,  
To be my prop and stay.

If I have seen a little grief,  
I know Thy hand and rod,  
And I can trust with child-like faith  
Thy wisdom, oh, my God!  
And though the way be sometimes dark,  
Leading through realms of night,  
I know that up in Heaven, Thy home,  
There beams a fadeless light.

I thank Thee, that in all the strife  
Born of the lapse of time,  
My heart has been kept from a lie,  
My hands from works of crime.  
I thank thee, God, for all I am,  
For all I hope to be,  
Well knowing that without Thy care  
I'd drift upon the lee.

### Diamonds.

These exquisite little lumps of crystallized carbon, are remarkably unprepossessing in their natural state. To an unpractised eye, they resemble ordinary pebbles so closely, that a casual finder would be likely to throw them away as useless, never imagining that, when cut and polished by the lapidary's art, these unattractive crystals form the choicest ornaments of regal splendor, and command a value far beyond that of any other natural production. The diamond is the hardest known substance, is susceptible of a most brilliant polish, and can only be cut, ground, or polished, by itself. Diamonds are cut in two ways, as rose diamonds, and as brilliants. The rose is flat at the bottom, and the facets meet at top in a point. The brilliant, on the other hand, has a flat table, and the facets at the bottom and sides, are cut like a prism, and meet in a blunt point, called a “culet.” For many years, they were supposed to be incombustible, but Wollaston succeeded in burning them by means of galvanism. Many chemists have attempted to deal with that most intractable substance, carbon, and to produce diamonds by artificial means; but, the diamond has hitherto defied every attempt to imitate its beauty, and still remains the most cherished of gems.

The first diamonds which were found in the Brazils, and brought to the Court of Portugal as pebbles, curious from their hardness, were used as card counters. A Dutchman who saw them, suspected their identity with the Indian diamond, and established a factory for cutting them in Amsterdam, where, to this day, nearly all the diamonds found, are cut. The trade employs some ten thousand persons, who are, with few exceptions, of the Jewish faith. The diamonds which are brought from the Brazils—whence, since the exhaustion of the Goleonda mines, nearly all are found—are discovered by washing in the beds of rivers, and the negroes who work, are rigorously searched every evening, to prevent their carrying away any of the precious products of their compulsory labor. Should a slave find one beyond a certain weight, he receives his liberty, and a reward. One of these slaves secured a diamond of immense value, and escaped with it to Europe, although he had been searched. The man cut a deep wound in his leg, and inserted the diamond into it, feigning to have fallen and cut himself. There is exported every month, an average of



the value of £40,000, and the Brazilian government levies a duty on the amount exported. The largest that has ever been found there, is that called the Star of the South, which was exhibited at Paris, at the exposition of 1852. It has been valued at £400,000. A great number of the finest Indian diamonds are spoiled by the natives drilling large holes in them, to wear as nose jewels, and also, by their imperfect mode of cutting. The demand for diamonds has, for some years, so far exceeded the supply, that the price has advanced within the last ten years, more than one hundred per cent.

Diamonds, although generally either white, or of a yellowish tinge, are occasionally found blue, black, pink, green, and even opalescent. The late Mr. Hope had a most remarkable collection, the gem of which, the blue diamond, is yet in the possession of his descendant, Mr. Hope, of Piccadilly.

The famous Sancy diamond, which forms one of the Crown jewels of France, was the occasion of a remarkable instance of fidelity in the middle ages. The King of France, having occasion for a loan, applied to the Sieur de Sancy for the loan of his diamond, that he might deposit it as a pledge with the Lombards. The Count sent it to him by a servant, who was attacked on the road by robbers, and slain. The King, of course, thought the recovery of the diamond as hopeless; but, the Count, who knew his vassal better, caused search to be made for the body, and having discovered it, cut it open, and found the diamond, which the faithful servant had swallowed to preserve it. A most amusing story is current in Paris, about a noble lord—whose visits to the card-table were neither few nor far between—who borrowed his wife's jewels for the purpose of having them rented, and paid a visit to a famous imitator of gems, on the Boulevard, and ordered an exact copy of them to be made. The artist, with much *empressment*, thanked the gentleman for the compliment he paid him in mistaking his work for real. An explanation ensued, whence it appeared that the lady had forestalled her lord, and he had unwittingly carried her jewels to their manufacturer.

There is something solemn and awful in the thought, that there is not an act nor thought in the life of a human being, but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but, to a certain extent, gives a color to our own life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us.

## Nothing but Money.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Doctor Hoffland had dismissed his last office patient, and was preparing to go out for his afternoon visits, when a note was placed in his hands. It came from Mrs. Guy, and stated, that her husband having become violent, it had been found necessary to remove him to the hospital. This had been done, she said, at the instance of Doctor L—, their family physician.

Doctor Hoffland read the note twice, and then, refolding it, with a grave, abstracted air, put it in his pocket, and left his office without communicating the fact to any one. The case being thus taken out of his hands was, of course, now beyond his reach; and the responsibility of looking after it removed. Except for the interest awakened in Lydia, he would not have been seriously affected by the event. A momentary throb of pain; a shadow of regret; a brief consideration of the case as involving a lesson in life—and it would have been, so far as he was concerned, as similar events in society, occurring on the outside of his personal relations. Except for Lydia, he would not have stepped aside to gain special information touching the removal of Mr. Guy; but, as he would have to communicate the distressing fact on his return home, he felt under obligation to see Doctor L—, and learn from him the particulars involved. They were not satisfactory. Doctor L— was scarcely as communicative as he could have desired, touching the condition of Mr. Guy at the time he was taken from the house. He had given the necessary certificate; but, only when questioned closely, did he admit the fact of not being present at the time of the removal.

"You do not know, then, whether violence had to be used?" said Doctor Hoffland.

"There was no violence, I think," returned Doctor L—.

"How was his consent to the removal gained?"

"He was passive—indifferent—I believe. In a kind of stupor," replied Doctor L—, with an air of cool evasion that affected Doctor Hoffland unpleasantly.

"In a stupor! Had he taken an anodyne?"

"Yes. O yes."

"I was not aware of that. Then you have seen him since morning?"

"I was there about two o'clock, and found

him quite composed. Mrs. Guy said that he had consented to take a small dose of sulphate of morphia, the effects of which were plainly apparent. She then consulted me about his removal, to the hospital, and I thought it best to place him there while he was in a condition to be taken without resistance, and so gave a certificate, to be used if required."

Beyond this, Doctor Hoffman could learn nothing. After leaving Doctor L—, he thought of riding over to the hospital, which stood on elevated ground at the eastern end of the city, more than a mile distant, and seeing the resident physician; but the necessity of visiting a number of patients who required attention, prevented his doing so, and he returned home at nightfall, with no particulars of Mr. Guy's removal to communicate in answer to the eager questions which he knew would come from Lydia.

"How is father?" The words met him ere his foot was fairly beyond the threshold of his door.

The Doctor shook his head—looked sober—but did not answer. In what words should he convey the sad intelligence that must now be communicated?

"Is he worse, Doctor?" The pale, anxious face of Lydia grew ashen.

Doctor Hoffman drew his arm around her, and leading her into one of the parlors, said, as he placed her on a sofa, and sat down by her side—

"Your father is better, I think, than when I saw him in the morning. An anodyne was administered this afternoon, under which he fell asleep. But, it was thought best by Doctor L—, to have him removed to the hospital, while unconscious through its influence."

"To the hospital, Doctor! Why to the hospital?" Lydia was wholly unprepared for the announcement which had been made.

"I should not have advised its being done, though his mind has wandered for the last day or two," replied the Doctor, in as even a voice as he could assume. "Sleep, under the anodyne which he has consented to take, will, I trust, restore the balance of reason."

The whole sad truth now flashed on Lydia. Her father was deranged, and in a hospital! Of little weight was the Doctor's last assuring sentence. She accepted the worst as true, and gave way to the most violent paroxysms of grief.

In the calm that followed, Doctor Hoffman thought it best to communicate more particularly the state of her father's mind, and to pre-

pare her for the worst, if it came. He had already learned enough about her husband, through her own admissions in regard to him, to feel seriously concerned for Lydia's future well-being and happiness. As far as he could see, the young man was little more than a social idler, who had sought to advance himself in the world by a rich marriage. At first, he thought of suggesting to send for him, in order that Lydia might remain longer in the city; but, after further consideration, it seemed not best to do so. On the following day, having ascertained that her father was in a better condition physically, though not mentally restored, Lydia concluded to return to her husband, Doctor Hoffman promising to keep her informed of every material change in her father's condition. And so she departed, going out from the place of her birth a tearful exile—banished from her home—cast off—contemned—and with scarcely the feeblest hope of return. If it had not been for the stimulus of a keenly felt indignation and bitterness towards her step-mother, the wretched girl would scarcely have borne herself up. What had she to look forward to in life? That one act had separated her completely from all former conditions and associations, and she must now fall from luxurious ease and independence, where pride and self-love had been stimulated as plants in hot beds, down into obscurity and poverty—for that was the sphere of the husband she had chosen. The stern repulsion of her step-mother left no room for hope in that direction. She had clung, almost desperately, under the fear that appalled her spirit, after being denied admission to her father, to the belief that his forgiveness would be reached, sooner or later; but all now was in danger of being lost. If this aberration of mind should become permanent, what hope of reconciliation with the family remained? Scarcely a shadow! Adam had already repulsed her in the cruellest manner; and, as for the rest, she had lived with them in perpetual strife, from the earliest times that she could remember. There was no love for her in any heart at home; and no one, therefore, to plead her cause.

For the week that followed, Doctor Hoffman's engagements were more than usually pressing, and during that period he did not find opportunity for a visit to the hospital. On the ninth day after Mr. Guy's removal thither, he called on the resident physician. To his inquiry in regard to him, he received for answer, that Mr. Guy had been taken out of the institution three days before.

"Ah; I'm glad to learn that," said Doctor Hoffland. "So the derangement was only temporary?"

"He was better, but not fully restored," replied the physician. "My advice was, to let him continue here for a longer period; but his wife came, in company with Doctor L—, and insisted on taking him home. I think, from what I saw in his face and manner, that he did not wish to accompany them. But, he made no resistance; and as they assumed the responsibility of his removal, I, of course, could not object."

"How did he act, while here?" inquired Doctor Hoffland.

"He was under the influence of morphia, when he arrived in company with his wife and Mr. Larobe."

"Mr. Larobe!" Doctor Hoffland could not conceal the surprise he felt on hearing this.

"Yes, Mr. Larobe was with them. The effect of the anodyne did not pass off for nearly twelve hours, and we had fears, during a portion of the time, that the dose might have been too large. On becoming fully awake, and conscious of his real position, Mr. Guy was shocked; but, after the first manifestations of surprise and indignation, he submitted passively; though remaining silent and gloomy."

"Did he sleep again, without having resort to morphia?"

"Yes; but not for nearly twenty-four hours. He persistently refused to take another anodyne, and we did not care to use force unless as a last resort. Happily, nature did the work in her own way. Sleep came at length, with its salutary influences."

"Have you heard of him since he was taken away?" asked Doctor Hoffland.

"No, but presume all is going on well."

"You think that he was decidedly better when removed?"

"Yes; I should say that he was better—though not as well as I had hoped to see him become after natural sleep was restored. I'm afraid, should anything occur to disturb him seriously, that his brain will not be strong enough to bear the excitement."

"Did he seem clearly to realize the fact of having been placed in an asylum for the insane?"

"I think so."

"How do you judge as to the effect of this on his reason?"

"I think it would have been wisest on giving him the anodyne, to wait and see the condition of his mind after the effect subsided

The home surroundings and influences would have been more favorable to recovery than such as were met with here. At least this is my opinion."

"And one in which I fully agree with you," said Doctor Hoffland. "Had I been consulted, as I should have been, I never would have advised the course that was taken. The case is a sad one, and I fear for the ultimate result. That intense, absorbing love of money, which seems to have been the ruling impulse of his life, often becomes a disease which you know to be as marked in its symptoms and progress as any laid down in the books, almost always terminating fatally to mind or body. Few men who thus abandon themselves to the one idea of making and hoarding money, live to what we call a good old age. The sword of their thought gets too sharp for the scabbard, and cuts its way through."

"Yes, that is the case in too large a number of instances. Mere money makers, if they survive either of the disasters you have referred to, are the feeblest and unhappiest of old men; self-tormentors, and inflictors of pain, or annoyance, on all who are so unfortunate as to be within the sphere of their influence."

"In this," remarked Doctor Hoffland, "we have instructive illustration of man's folly in limiting the range of his thoughts and feelings to the little world of selfish interests—the poorest and meanest of which are involved in mere money getting, from the sordid love of money. Happiness is the end he sets in view—for that, all men sigh in present dissatisfaction and unrest—yet, how signally does the venture fail. Rich old men, who, from the beginning, set their hearts on mere possession, are almost always peevish, fretful, ill-natured, and dissatisfied with all around them. The exceptional instances are very few, and not highly creditable to human nature. If a man has nothing but money on which to subsist his spirit when he becomes old, he is poor and wretched indeed. Feebleness, or total loss of reason, comes, too often, as the mind's sad and only refuge from misery."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

After writing, as he had promised, to Lydia, an account of her father's condition—stating that he was at home with his family again—Doctor Hoffland dismissed the subject from his mind, as one not involving any special care or responsibility on his part, and heard nothing about Mr. Guy for several weeks. Then, with no little astonishment, he learned, that,

when removed from the hospital, instead of being taken home, he was sent to a private asylum somewhere in the State of New York, and that, within a few days, a commission of lunacy had pronounced him hopelessly insane.

Not long afterwards it came to the Doctor's knowledge, that a guardian had been appointed for Mr. Guy's children, and his entire property removed from his control. As far as he could learn, Justin Larobe, the lawyer before mentioned, had been an active mover in the case, as legal adviser of Mrs. Guy, and was the duly appointed guardian.

"As well put sheep in the guardianship of a wolf," said the Doctor, to his wife, in communicating the information. "If anything could restore rational vigor to the mind of Adam Guy, it would be a knowledge of the fact, that his dearly loved treasures were in the grasp of this unscrupulous man. If there be any legal tricks by which the heirs can be defrauded, as surely as the sun shines are they doomed to poverty, even though their father's gold may now be counted by scores of thousands."

So covertly were all the proceedings growing out of Mr. Guy's mental state conducted, that Adam knew nothing about them until the decree establishing a guardianship was issued, and Mr. Larobe announced himself as standing to him in his father's place. Adam, now in his twenty-first year, could not repress his indignation.

"Why was I not consulted in this thing?" he demanded.

"You must put that question to your mother," was the lawyer's cool answer.

And, he did so, within the next ten minutes. The reply was characteristic of the woman, and significant of her purposes.

"Minors are not usually consulted in the matter of guardianships."

There was a cold sneer on her lips.

"In eight months, I will be of age, and then——"

Adam checked himself.

"And then? Go on, sir."

"I will set aside this guardianship."

"Ah, will you?" The lady was cool and cynical. "Am glad to be advised of your intentions so early. Of course, your efforts will be successful, seeing that you are the youngest child."

Stung by her manner, and the cool defiance exhibited in her response, Adam lost control of himself, and indulged in a storm of invective, accusation, and threat, to all of which his

step-mother listened without a sign of feeling. When he was done, she said, very calmly—

"Adam, there is one thing that I wish you to understand—you, and all others, claiming to make a part of this household. I am head and ruler; and my will, henceforth, is to be absolute law. Now, I am a peace-lover, and mean that peace shall be maintained here. I will have no more outbreaks of passion—no more 'scenes'—no more calling of hard names—no more fault-finding. If you, as your father's oldest son, are willing to remain on these conditions, well; if not, the world is wide enough for us all. Do you understand me?"

"Perhaps I do," answered the young man, whose face had become deadly pale—pale from intense passion.

"Very well," said Mrs. Guy, coldly. She was about turning away, when he pronounced her name, sharply. She looked at him, with a glance of half indifferent inquiry on her face.

"I think I see your hand, madam."

There was the father's air of stern resolution in the boy.

"Ah?" The sneer in Mrs. Guy's tone, did not altogether conceal the sudden surprise occasioned by the words and manner of Adam.

"And I do not mean to be driven out, as you propose to yourself. I shall remain, and keep you under surveillance—you, and my precious guardian!"

"Adam! By ——!" The subtle, self-poised woman, was thrown for an instant off of her guard; but she caught up the lines of self-control the moment they dropped from her hands, and grasped them tightly again. In doing so, her teeth sank into her lip so sharply as to draw blood.

"By what? Go on." For a little while, the boy stood master of the position; but, only for a little while. His step-mother withdrew into herself again, and offered him no salient point for attack, thus baffling his courageous assault.

"I shall not repeat the admonition I gave you a little while ago," she said, with well assumed indifference. "Unless your conduct is in conformity with the rule I have announced as first in this household, you cannot remain; so, if the purpose to act as a spy is carried out, you must put yourself on your good behavior—otherwise, the design will signally fail."

And, passing out from the room in which the interview occurred, she left Adam to his own thoughts, which were far from being as

clear and determinate as he had sought to make his step-mother believe.

Only a few weeks were permitted to elapse from the date of Larobe's appointment as guardian, ere he gave formal notice to the firm in which Mr. Guy was senior partner, of his intention to withdraw the interest he represented; in other words, to dissolve the co-partnership, and change the status of property held in the business. Against this, Adam at once protested in the most resolute manner. He understood at a glance, the wrong involved in such a step—especially, the wrong to himself; for, he had steadily looked forward to a position in the firm as partner; and, since his father's unfortunate loss of reason, to an actual representation of his interest.

"You will not agree to this?" he said to his father's partners, confident that they would interpose in some way to prevent so fatal a step from being taken—a step which must separate the estate, now held in trust for the heirs of his father, from large annual dividends in one of the most profitably conducted establishments in the city.

"We have no alternative," was the answer received by Adam. "Mr. Larobe is competent to order a dissolution, and we must submit."

"May I see the written agreement, under which the firm now exists?"

The partners looked at each other, inquiringly, hesitated, and then one made answer—

"That will be submitted to Mr. Larobe, as representative of your father's estate. He alone has the right to call for it."

Adam understood them now. Why should there be any hesitation about letting him see the agreement? He felt that there could only be one answer to the question. They were eager to seize the advantage offered, by which this whole business would fall into their hands; seize it at once, untrammelled by any stipulations looking to an ultimate dissolution of the firm which might exist in the partnership papers.

And this was the truth. According to mutual agreement, expressed in writing, one year's notice of intended withdrawal from the firm had to be given. If this were adhered to, the interest of Mr. Guy could not be closed for a twelvemonth. But, Mrs. Guy, acting through Larobe, was eager to have all the property in a controllable shape as quickly as possible, and particularly before Adam reached the age of twenty-one. The business partners of Mr. Guy, accepting the opportunity for getting rid of their senior, by which they

might grasp the entire establishment for themselves, were not unwilling to meet the views of his legal representative, and arrange for an immediate closing of his interest, which was done as speedily as possible.

It was in vain that Adam remonstrated, and insisted on seeing the articles of agreement; he only worked alienation towards himself in both parties, and gave a fair opportunity to his father's old associates in business to signify their wish to dispense with his presence at the desk he had been occupying for over a year. Removed in consequence from a position where he would have been able to keep himself advised in regard to the progressive withdrawal of his father's interest, with the amounts paid over, and the probable line of investments, Adam found himself completely baffled in his purpose to dog the steps of Larobe, who assumed towards him an impenetrable, half-offended reserve, on all occasions when they happened to meet. A small allowance of money was doled out through his step-mother, Larobe refusing to have any business intercourse with him, on the ground of having received an insult.

So completely had Mr. Guy separated himself from social life—so entirely had he put confidence in money alone, as his best and most enduring friend, that now, in the great city where he had lived and grown rich, there was none to look after the interests of his children, and protect them from wrong—none to examine into his unhappy case, and see that he was not held a prisoner on pretence of insanity, rather than in a salutary and needed confinement. Suddenly, a tempest had swept down upon the sea where he had spread his sails so long and proudly to the summer airs; and, though his vessel went down in the sight of hundreds, none were drawn to the rescue, and few, if any, were conscious of pity or sympathy. Having withdrawn himself from all community of interests—from all good-fellowship with his kind—ignoring, in the narrow spirit of mere "self-help," all the generous impulses of mutual help, there was none to care what might befall him in the voyage of life. And so, when disaster came, he was left to the help of his money-gods. If they could not save him, his case was hopeless. Alas! how hopeless it was proving!

A dead calm of months followed. John was still away at sea; but, letters from the captain of the vessel in which he had sailed as supercargo, gave a very discouraging account of his habits and conduct. He seemed to be completely



demoralized. Lydia had made several attempts to effect a reconciliation with her family; but, all overtures were repulsed. The conduct of Edwin at school, was so bad, that the principal had written several times, threatening to dismiss him. In the midst of all this, the step-mother held herself at a cold distance from Adam and his youngest sister, Frances, who remained at home. Occasionally, Mr. Larobe came to see her, on business; but, these were rare occurrences, as she preferred seeing him at his own office, in order to blind Adam, who was always on the alert. While, so far as Adam knew, the intercourse between his step-mother and guardian was limited to rare interviews, not a week passed, without close conference between them.

One day—it was only a month or two from the time when the young man would reach his majority—Adam met Doctor Hoffland. They had no acquaintance with each other. In fact, Doctor Hoffland did not even know, by sight, the son of his early friend; but, hearing his name mentioned in a company, where both happened to be present, he drew him aside, and made inquiry about his father.

"No better," was the answer received.

"Where is he?" asked the Doctor.

"Somewhere in New York," replied Adam.

"In the city?"

"No, sir; I believe not; somewhere in the state."

"And don't you really know where he is?" The tone of surprise in which this was spoken, brought the blood to Adam's face.

"He's in an Asylum, near Troy." The young man stammered, and looked confused. Doctor Hoffland was confounded; for, he understood this to be only a guess, or an evasion.

"If you are really in ignorance touching your father's condition, and place of confinement," he said, with considerable impressiveness of manner, "it is your duty to inform yourself as speedily as possible."

Doctor Hoffland could not read, to his own satisfaction, the effect produced by this sentence. Adam was either shocked or offended. No answer was made; and the Doctor, feeling that he had no right to intrude farther, remarked on some current topic, and then left the young man to his own thoughts. He, soon after, missed him from the company.

On that same evening, and not very long after his brief interview with Doctor Hoffland, Adam presented himself before his step-mother, and, with more agitation in his voice than he

had the power to control, said abruptly, and with a significance of tone that startled Mrs. Guy—

"Where is father?"

"What do you mean? I don't get the drift of your question," said Mrs. Guy, so calmly as to conceal the quicker pulsations already leaping away from her heart.

"I simply said—where is father?"

"He's in an insane asylum. Were you never made aware of the fact?" How very even was her low-toned voice, in which was just apparent a veil of surprise.

"Of course, I'm aware of that fact; but, from some cause, the location has never been communicated. What my question involves, is the place of asylum."

"And don't you really know?" The expression of astonishment on the part of Mrs. Guy was very decided.

"That information you have, singularly enough, withheld."

"What do you mean, sir?" A flash sprung from the woman's cold eyes.

"Just what I have said, madam—that information you have, singularly enough, withheld. More than once, I have asked where my father was confined, but never received a satisfactory answer."

"Indeed! Well, you have shown yourself to be a loving and dutiful son!" How bitterly she sneered. "A year, almost, since your poor father was taken away, and yet, in all that time, you remain ignorant and indifferent about him—don't even know in what institution he is confined!"

"Will you now inform me?" said Adam, mastering, by a vigorous effort, the wave of passion, that was about sweeping him away, and revealing only a slight tremor in his voice.

"Certainly." Mrs. Guy smiled, with a mock graciousness of manner that was excessively irritating.

"Where?"

"On Staten Island."

"In what asylum? Where is it located?"

"The institution is one of the best in the country," said Mrs. Guy, speaking with deliberation, and evidently seeking to gain time for thought. We placed your father there, because we desired to secure for him in his unhappy condition, the wisest moral treatment, and the highest professional skill."

"What is the name of this institution?" inquired Adam.

"Woodville," answered Mrs. Guy.

"How is it reached?"

"Mr. Larobe can inform you. I have not been there."

"Although my father has been away from home for nearly a year!" Adam could not let the opportunity for a retaliatory thrust at his step-mother pass unimproved.

"His mental state is such as to render the presence of his friends unavailing for good. If that were not so, I should have been with him often," said Mrs. Guy, in her imperturbable manner. "But I receive frequent reports of his condition, and have the calm satisfaction of knowing that all in human power to do for him, is done, and done under my direction. If you are in any doubt on this subject, I would advise an early visit to the institution; and, I must say, that your failure to do so up to this time, and general indifference touching your father, strikes me as very singular. Such indifference in a son, I have never before seen exhibited."

Adam was not skilled enough in human nature, to read the true meaning of all this. His step-mother was too deep for him.

"I shall not lie under that reproach long," returned the young man, angrily.

"I would not," was coldly answered.

And there the interview ended.

"Will you get for me, from Mr. Larobe, the exact locality of that asylum?" said Adam, to his step-mother, on the next day.

"Why not get it from him yourself?" was replied. "I don't expect to see him very soon."

"Mr. Larobe and I are not on the best of terms; and it will not be agreeable for me to call at his office."

"Oh! I'm sorry. If I see him, I will ask him, of course," said Mrs. Guy, with indifference. "But, it is not at all likely that he will be here for some time."

"Can't you send him a note?" inquired Adam.

"Yes, I could do so." Mrs. Guy's answer was not outspoken.

"Will you?"

"I'll think about it," and she retired from the room. Adam soon after left the house. It was beginning to shape itself more and more distinctly in his mind that something was wrong in respect to his father; and at last suspicion took the form of doubt in regard to his real insanity. Might he not be held in confinement, through the bribery of his keepers? The possibility of such a thing, once imagined, shocked the young man, and filled him with

anxious alarm. After brooding over the suggestion for awhile, he determined to see Mr. Larobe himself, and learn all that he might feel disposed to communicate in regard to his father; and so, after conquering, with a strong effort, his unwillingness to meet the lawyer, he finally, under self-compulsion, entered his office.

"Can I see Mr. Larobe?" he asked of a young man who was writing at a table.

"He is engaged at present, but will be at leisure in a few minutes. Sit down;" and the young man pointed to a chair.

Adam took the chair. Adjoining the room in which he found himself, was another, the door of which stood ajar. In a little while, he noticed a murmur of voices coming from this room; and his ear soon detected, at intervals, the tones of a woman. Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed, and still the murmur of voices went on. Adam grew impatient at length, and, rising, walked three or four times across the room.

"I'll drop in again," he said.

"He can't be occupied much longer," interposed the young man, who was a law student in the office.

Adam's hand was now on the door.

"I'll return in half an hour."

"What name shall I give?" asked the student.

"Say that Mr. Guy called."

"Mr. Guy! oh!" A gleam of intelligence lighted the young man's face. "Just wait a moment. I'll inform Mr. Larobe that you are here." And the student, first tapping at the door, pushed it open, and gliding into the back office, carefully shut the door behind him. He remained a few moments, and then returning, said—

"Can you call at four o'clock this afternoon? Mr. Larobe has several business engagements this morning, but will be pleased to see you at four."

"Very well. I'll endeavor to be here at the time you mention. Good morning." And Adam withdrew, feeling a sense of relief at having escaped meeting with the lawyer, towards whom he entertained a bitter animosity. Not long after his retirement, a lady emerged from the back office, and lingered in earnest conversation—speaking in low tones—with Mr. Larobe.

"I'll manage him; never fear," were the lawyer's last assuring words, as the lady, who was none other than Mrs. Guy, passed into the street.

Four o'clock came, and Mr. Larobe sat alone in his office, waiting for Adam Guy. But the young man did not make his appearance. His unwillingness to encounter the lawyer kept him from meeting the engagement. He preferred obtaining the information he sought, through the agency of his step-mother.

"Did you send a note to Mr. Larobe?" he asked, on finding an opportunity to be alone with Mrs. Guy in the evening.

"I did not," was coldly answered.

"You promised to do so?"

Mrs. Guy shook her head, at the same time that she compressed her lips firmly.

"You certainly did," Adam grew a little warm.

"I told you that I would think about it; and I have done so. From what passed between us last night and this morning, it is plain that certain base and inhuman suspicions in regard to me have entered your mind—suspicions that I feel as outrages. This being the case, I prefer not standing between you and Mr. Larobe, as the medium of intelligence touching your father. Go to him, and seek the information you desire."

Mrs. Guy showed unusual feeling for a woman of her cold temperament, and great self-command.

Adam was not prepared for this. His step-mother observed him closely; noting the effect of her opening assault, which was only preparatory to one of greater violence.

"You are quick to imagine the supposition of wrong," he said, with a significant curl of his upper lip.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mrs. Guy, with a fierceness of manner that startled Adam. He had never seen his step-mother so moved in his life—never felt such a fear of her as suddenly fell upon him.

"I said," he repeated, but with not half the firmness of his first utterance, "that you were quick to imagine the supposition of wrong."

"I am quick to feel the sting of a false and base insinuation, sir!—quick, as all true and honorable minds are," answered Mrs. Guy, with increasing indignation of manner. "And I tell you, sir, that you have gone just one step too far in a series of long continued outrages; and from this hour, I shall hold you at a distance. If you choose to place yourself in a position of antagonism, well; you have a right to the election, and also to the fruits thereof. Consider me from this time your enemy, if you will. I shall not shrink from the relation, depend upon it!"

Adam had in him too much of his father's dogged self-will, and blind self-reliance, to dream of stooping to conciliation.

"As you like," he simply said. Then added, with a threat in his voice, "The law is just; and I shall be of age in two months."

A gleam of cruel triumph lit the eyes of his step-mother; and she answered, in a hissing whisper—

"Those who take the sword, sometimes perish by the sword. Try the law, and abide by the law."

Both parties were too much excited to continue that wordy contest, as each felt; and so they mutually retired from the field. The quarrel was really of Mrs. Guy's seeking, though apparently brought on by Adam; but she was betraying herself a little too far under the pressure of feeling, and was glad to recede, lest some unwise utterance should fall from her lips.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## Mattie, Waiting by the Gate!

BY FANNY TRUE.

When the twilight shades are falling,  
At the close of day,  
Over at the mansion yonder,  
Just across the way,  
Cometh Mattie, there to wait  
At the little iron gate!

Beauty, fresh and sweet, is Mattie's,  
Charming dainty grace,  
Marks each rosy, perfect feature,  
Of her youthful face;  
And her little, idle hands,  
Know not labor's weary bands.

Sheltered in that wealthy mansion,  
Is not Mattie blest?  
Charming books are all around her,  
Pictures rare and sweet surround her,  
And the touch of finger tips,  
And the parting of her lips,  
With their music-spells have bound her,  
Is her heart at rest?  
Why then stands she by the gate  
Still, and sad, and desolate?

Silken robes around her falling,  
Gems, and costly pearls  
Deck the sweet child-woman, Mattie,  
With her crown of curls.  
But, her heart hath learned to wait  
For its treasure by the gate!

Wealth, and friends, and hollow gilding,  
 Show, and pomp, and pride,  
 Something dearer, something truer,  
 Mattie asks beside.  
 All her wealth cannot compare  
 With the prize she seeks for there.

When the city's hum grows fainter,  
 And the burners bright  
 Flash upon the evening darkness,  
 With their dazzling light;  
 Work is done, and though 'tis late,  
 Footsteps seek that little gate!

Thoughts have clustered round that spot,  
 And the "good-night" there,  
 As above his labor bending,  
 Crushed by want and care,  
 Alfred treasures each sweet word  
 In the stillly twilight heard.

For the few, in might and station,  
 Raise a cruel wall  
 'Twixt two mated souls, if fortune's  
 Favors chance to fall  
 On one alone; and, fate control  
 The other, though a noble soul.

Proud heads bow at Mattie's greeting,  
 And, acknowledged, she  
 Walks, a little queen of beauty,  
 Wheresoe'er she be.  
 But, she turns from all, to wait  
 Nightly, by the little gate!

What is all the stirring city,  
 With its towering domes—  
 What of courtly friends, that welcome  
 Her to wealthy homes?  
 Can these bring the joyful blushes—  
 Can these make the sweet heart-hushes—  
 As she lingers, listening there,  
 With her dear soul full of prayer,  
 That no harm has made him late?  
 No, her faith is pure and strong,  
 She will hear his step ere long;  
 Though the evening dews surround her,  
 She will wrap her shawl around her,  
 And, with sweetest patience, wait  
 By the little, open gate!

Hark! a step upon the pavement!  
 Ah! she knows it well,  
 And her quickened heart-beats echo  
 Joy she cannot tell.  
 Melodies, as sweet as Heaven,  
 O'er her soul-harp floats,  
 Like the soft breeze-touched *Molian*,  
 With its mystic notes.

What of Alfred, as he hastens  
 Down the lonely street?—  
 Why that haste, and half alarm  
 In that one so calm;

For, his struggling, noble soul,  
 With its might of self-control,  
 Hath attained the victory,  
 Over want and poverty,  
 And he comes to claim his bride,  
 With a just and manly pride.

Shadows darkly fall between them,  
 But, at last, he sees  
 The flutter of her snowy robe  
 Upon the evening breeze;  
 And he knows the faithful watcher  
 By the little gate—  
 Knows how truly she has loved him—  
 Knows *he's not too late!*  
 Close the door, and light the burners—  
 No more shalt thou wait,  
 Weary with thy watching, Mattie—  
 Watching by the gate!

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

## Home Pictures of the Times.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Only a hundred dollars! Oh, this miserable, miserable war!"

And the young lady tossed the letter and the check on the table, her fair face darkened with disappointment and anger, and leaning back in her chair, and resting her head on her hand, and her daintily slippered feet tapping the carpet, the feelings which habitually governed and moulded her life, took to themselves form and expression in the following monologue.

"Isn't it outrageous now? I shant get to the Springs this summer! That letter just decides the matter, for pa says raising a dollar is out of the question; he never knew such times in all his experience; and we shall have to cut short in everything, for from Maryland to Minnesota, it's all alike, no money to be had.

"And what *is* to become of *me*, I'd like to know, now I can't go to the Springs! And I'd made up my mind for such a delightful summer, and was going to set about ordering my wardrobe next week. And here must come a paltry one hundred dollar check from pa, when I couldn't think of getting off on less than a thousand; for I'll never see Saratoga, before I'll go there in shabby style.

"And just think of my two new sets of jewelry, and my new laces just as good as thrown away, for I must either stay and bake alive here in the city, or go off to some dull, country boarding house, where I shall mope myself to death, and I might as well die at

once, as try to live, now I've got to give up Saratoga!

"How I had counted on such a good time, too, such as we had last year! One always meets such delightful society at Saratoga; and this year I meant to create a sensation, and now the miserable war must start up and spoil it all.

"I don't believe that anybody ever was quite so aggravated and tormented as I am. I wish I hadn't lived to see this, summer, now my happiness is all spoiled, for the only life worth living in July and August is at the Springs; and to think it has all happened on account of this miserable, miserable war!"

And so mused Adelaide Walters as she sat in the stately chamber of her city home, with the sweet sunshine of the opening June laughing about her, as though there were no such things as sin and suffering on the earth to which it had come once more with its golden covenant.

And Adelaide Walters, who was the only, and motherless daughter of a New York merchant, whose firm had been among the first to feel the great commercial pressure of the times, never, for one instant, thought of the yearning, aching hearts, throbbing all over the land,—of the brave men who had left their homes and gone forth for their country's help in her hour of peril, to endure toil, and danger, and suffering, and to face anguish and death on the battle field. It had never entered her thoughts during the twenty-three years of her strangely fair and favored life that she owed the God who made her a word of prayer or praise, because her birthplace had fallen to her in the most blessed land that the sun shines upon—that over it floated that precious banner whose stars have unfurled their blessed story on every sea, and been a beacon light to the nations which sat in darkness—there never crossed the mind of Adelaide Walters one reverential thought of all her fathers and mothers of the Revolution had done and borne in privation, and struggle, in death agonies, and living woes, to leave for their descendants their sacred birthright of liberty. No glow of gratitude ever swept through her soul, when she looked on the portrait of the great hero of the Revolution; she had never thought of those long, slow seven years of care, and suspense, of fearful trial, and marvellous courage, when a smile hardly ever broke the lines of that calm, noble face; she never felt, when the sweet Sabbath bells called her to the worship of the true God, that to buy for her the privi-

lege to worship Him according to her own free will and conscience, earth's best, and bravest blood, had been poured like summer rain, that martyrs had endured agonies which might have wrung cries from the stones under their feet, and women prayed and wept away their lives, and met suffering and death with calm, serene faces, for the truth they had bequeathed to her.

And when there swept through all the land, on the path of the spring winds, that call for men to arm themselves, and go forth to battle, Adelaide Walters was not stirred by one generous, self-forgetful impulse; her only emotion on the matter was one of vexation and disappointment that her father could not afford to send her to the Springs that summer. For that alone she lamented, and anathematized the war; and beyond that, she had neither care for, nor interest in it.

You have met, dear reader, plenty of men and women of whose character Adelaide Walters is the representative type. As you read these lines your thoughts will go out and fasten upon them, no matter how limited may be the sphere of your experience and observation; for in every relation and position in human life may be found men and women, the first canon of whose creed is *self-interest*, and they can never look at any great principle outside of its relation to themselves.

Love of country, adherence to truth and right, amid wrong and obloquy, self-denial for the sake of others, never woke one generous throb in their hearts. It is useless to try to awake it there. Their whole lives revolve in the narrow orbit of their own ease and convenience, or aggrandizement. They will not be liberalized and enlarged. Self is the centre of their whole being, and they take the clusters which are the sweet fruits of all the ages, they take the great blessings of their day and generation which have been bought at so great a price, without one thought of gratitude to God or man.

Alas! for how many selfish, and unthankful, and undeserving, do the great and good, of all times, toil and suffer; taught of Him who causeth His sun to rise on the evil, and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just, and the unjust.

"Shut up your book, sis, I've got some news to tell you," and the young man threw himself down on a chair opposite the young girl, who was deeply absorbed in Dickens's last work.

She looked up, and a smile of bright glad-



ness came into a face that was young and sweet. "Is it good news, Walter?"

A little doubt and sadness came into the man's face; but he tried to clear up the expression as he took the hand which lay on the book: "I'm afraid you won't think it is, but you will be a brave girl, Lottie, and bear it courageously?"

The large, bright eyes, with their hidden lights and laughter, searched the speaker's face earnestly, then a great fear and terror darkened all the light in the young girl's face; the words broke in a kind of choking cry from her lips,

"Oh, Walter, you don't mean—you're not going to the war, are you?"

He did not answer her, he could not with that look in her face, but she knew what his eyes said, and with a cry which was low, because it could not be loud for agony, the head, with its shower of golden-brown ringlets, fell down on the brother's knee.

"Come, now, this won't do, Lottie;" there was a slight faltering along the words, which made one feel that their lightness did not come from the speaker's heart. "Why, you'll never make a soldier's wife in this world, if you take on so, because I'm going away for three months. It'll be gone before you can turn round. Look up here now, and see if you can't call up some courage in that little, chicken heart of yours!"

"Oh, but what if you should be shot, Walter—what if you should never come back to us!" sobbed the girl.

"Don't think of that, my dear child. You'll see me back hearty and sound at the end of three months, and won't she have a welcome for her soldier-brother, and won't she be a little proud of him, too?"

"I can't think about that, Walter," the sobs going in and out of the words. "I shall only lie awake nights, and think maybe you are lying sick and alone on some dreadful battle field, with nobody to bring a cup of cold water to your parched lips; and your white face turned up to the sky."

"And I shall start out of my dreams, and think of the long, weary night marches, and the toiling days; and my heart will ache till I can't bear it, Walter; and every time there is a battle, I shall read over the list of the killed and wounded with a great shiver, for fear your name may be there! Oh, Walter, I can't let you go to the war!"

"Of course you can't, if you're going to scare up all those terrible bugbears to frighten your imagination. And there never was a

soldier whose knees wouldn't have knocked under him so that he couldn't have faced the enemy, if he'd held up such a picture as those you've been painting for me."

"But you wouldn't have me a coward, Lottie? I'm young, and brave, and strong, and my country needs me now, and I should be ashamed not to be ready in the hour of her need and peril. Come, be brave now as the sister of a soldier should, and tell me I shall go with a 'God bless you!'"

She looked up, the great tears hanging down her fair cheeks, and the "God bless you!" was faint but steadily spoken.

"And now I've some good news for you: open your eyes wide, for you've the honor of being the sister of a lieutenant."

A look of pleased surprise flashed through the shadow on Charlotte Thornton's face. "Oh, Walter, is it really so?"

"Yes, title and office are mine now. Isn't that something to be a little proud over?"

"Yes; but—"

"I won't have another 'but.' You must wear a cheerful face, and keep a bright voice, for mother's sake. I do hate to tell her."

"Poor mamma!" sighed the girl. "Oh, Walter, remember if anything happens to you it will break all our hearts."

"No 'ifs,' either; I positively interdict all of them; and as I'm going off so soon, you'll let me have my own way about it."

"How soon?"

"Next Wednesday or Thursday our regiment goes. Now, Lottie, do you love me?" slipping the palm of his hand under her chin, and holding up her face, so that he could look into the eyes dazzled with tears.

"You know that I do, Walter, better than my own life."

"Well, then, the time has come to prove your affection. Let me see you brave, strong, happy, until I go; it will take a great burden from my heart, and help sustain mother, if you do."

"Well, I'll try for *your* sake, Walter."

"That's a good girl, and like my own darling sister. There'll be lots of things for you to do before I go," rightly judging that active employment would best direct her thoughts from the great trial through which it had been appointed her to pass.

"Oh, I'll do anything, Walter: I'll hem your handkerchiefs, and make your shirts, and—and, you won't forget your little Lottie, will you, when you're away"—she couldn't finish the sentence.

"Forget her! Bless your dear little heart, there's no danger of that," and he held her to his brave breast tightly, and stroked the bright hair, cleft with shadows, which was laid against it.

"Do you see him, Lottie? My eyes have grown dim of late, and the figures all run together."

The lady said these words as she grasped the hand of her daughter, for the two were standing on the steps of a large building, amidst a crowd who were shouting welcomes, and tossing their handkerchiefs to the returned volunteers. She was a pale, gentle-faced old lady, and there was something very touching in the way her eyes strained after each band of men, and at last turned hopelessly away.

"No, I don't see him, mother." The girl's heart was in her face, kindling the glow in her cheeks, and the light in her eyes, as she stood leaning breathlessly forward, searching every face and figure for the well-known one.

Suddenly she started. "Yes, there he is, mother, and he is lifting his hat, and smiling on us now. Oh, mother, mother, it's Walter!" and she didn't think of the crowd as she waved her handkerchief, and tossed him her shower of kisses.

"Is it my boy—is it my boy?" cried the mother, and then she, too, caught a glimpse of the smiling face and tall figure of the young lieutenant; and forgetful that there was an eye to behold her amid the thousand gazers on, she sprang forward, threw her arm around the young officer's neck, and kissed his bronzed cheek, just as she had done when he was a baby.

And when she turned back there were many eyes in the crowd, besides the mother's, which were dim with tears.

The evening had folded its silver-gray veil over the city, and the mother and daughter sat together in their pleasant home, and their hearts were full of joy and gratitude as they watched the stars open their golden lights along the blue valleys of the sky.

"I think he'll try to come up to-night, daughter, don't you?" said Mrs. Lawrence, as she glanced at the table which had been spread with every delicacy which the mother's love fancied most likely to stimulate the soldier's appetite.

"I hope so mamma; but you know it may be hard for Walter to get away from the men before morning; we shall see him then."

"Did he look changed, Lottie? I'm afraid

he's gone through a great deal of hardship—my tenderly nurtured boy."

"Well, he looked sunbrowned, and weather-beaten, but the old smile was in his eyes."

"It won't go out of them until the light does. Your father gave them that smile, Lottie."

"Hurrah! hurrah! anybody here got a welcome for a tired, hungry soldier."

They knew the voice, and the next moment the young officer burst into the room, and caught his mother and sister about the waist, and what tears, and blessings, and huggings followed—dear reader you know better than my pen can tell you!

"Dear me, Walter, you look as though you'd been through everything," said the mother, as soon as she could see the young officer's face through her glad tears.

"Well, we've had some pretty rough tumbling, that's a fact; but it's to be expected in war, you know. A fellow that comes out of it with his neck safe, and his bones whole, has reason to thank God, I can tell you."

A quick shudder went over the old lady and the young one at these words. The officer saw it, and turned lightly towards the table.

"Well, my eyes haven't seen a table like that for the last three months. It's enough to make a soldier's eyes dance for joy."

"Now turn right to, my boy," said the happy mother, as she bustled about the table. "I just got up what I thought you'd like best, cold tongue, and gooseberry jam, and apple pie. Don't you remember when you was a boy how fond you used to be of apple pie?"

"Don't I, though! and I'm ready to afford you ocular demonstration that I haven't forgotten my old likings, if I have been to the war. Come, Lottie, set right down in your old place here," pulling out the chair on his left. "How pleasant and natural it all seems!"

"I know it, Walter; bless your precious heart!" and slipping into the chair, Lottie went through a second chapter of hugging and kissing, and then she insisted that she must sweeten her brother's cup of coffee, as he always insisted nobody understood just how much of the saccharine element it required, so well as his sister. And the mother looked on with her pleased smile, and the soldier bent over his well heaped plate, and the young girl feasted her eyes on the sunbrowned face, and listened to the stories, stranger than any romance, which the young officer had to tell, and through the sky, over head, flowed the golden "stream of stars," and the hours went down softly into midnight, and a new day was born to the year,

before the mother and her children left the table, where he who had come back once more, sat, the joy of their heart, and the light of their eyes!

"Now, Martin, I've got everything stowed away in this bundle, though it was mighty hard work. I've done up them two shirts fit for a king, and I've stowed away a little batch of doughnuts in one corner; and I've given you a green needlebook, and the top is filled with pins, and you'll find sewin' silk, and brown thread, and a couple o' darnin' needles in one corner. You've got three pair o' nice, warm socks, that I knit last summer, and that never went on to your feet. You must look out and not wet 'em, whatever comes, for I alwavs thought that your father caught his death cold the day that he felled the hickory tree in the south meadow, for he came home with his feet soppin' wet, and was so hoarse he couldn't speak a loud word the next day, and before the week was gone the cough set in, which carried him to his grave. You'll remember, Martin, and mind and not get your feet wet?"

"I'll do the best I can, mother. You talk as though you didn't know much about the rough and tumble time we've got to go through, but you mean it all right."

It was in the large kitchen of a small, old-fashioned country cottage, that these words were spoken. You could not have helped liking the old woman's face, pale and faded though it was with years, and sickness, and care; it had such a good mother-look, and was so full of kindness and sympathy.

She was poor and old; her husband had long ago laid down on that last brown pillow which the earth spreads smooth for all her children. And around his grave clustered half a dozen smaller ones, sons and daughters who had gone before him.

So Martin Johnson was all which remained to his mother; the hope and the staff of her old age. All the tendrils of her love wove themselves around him; and he was a kind, thoughtful, industrious son, whose highest ambition was to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead, and settle down there for life.

But when the summer crops were mostly in, and the winter and the hard times promised little work or recompense to farm laborers, he had been induced to join a company of volunteers forming in his town. And now the last hour with his mother has come, and he stands there, the young, brave, stalwart man, and there is a strange weakness about his heart,

and huskiness in his throat, and he wishes he could get away without speaking the last word.

"Come, mother," he says, stowing the large bundle in his deep coat pocket, "it's high time I was off, so we must say good bye. Take care of yourself now, and don't go to fretting yourself about me. I'll write as often as I can."

The old woman put her feeble arms about the strong man. "Oh, my boy," and the sobs shook her gray hairs, "you wont forget your poor old mother, that loves you better than her life, will you? You'll remember how the morning will never rise, and the night will never fall, in which she doesn't pray God to take care of her boy; and you wont forget the little red-covered Bible, I put into a corner of the bundle?"

"No, I wont forget it. Come now, mother, give me a real, hearty, cheerful good bye. Don't look on the dark side. Maybe I shall be back before the year's over, and then if he's done his duty, as a brave man should, and maybe got promoted, you'll be proud of your soldier boy?"

"But you're all I've got, Martin, and if anything *should* happen to you, it would break my heart—it would break it, Martin."

"Don't talk of anything's 'happening,' mother, except what's good. Come, cheer up, for I want a last smile, instead of a last sob, and there isn't another minute to spare!"

Mrs. Johnson swallowed down her sobs, and drawing down the sunburnt face to her lips, she said, with a tremulous smile,

"God bless you, my precious boy!"

"God bless you, mother!" he couldn't trust his voice to speak another word, and he dashed away.

She stood in the door and watched him until he was out of sight, and she saw him brush his hand across his eyes several times before he turned and waved it to her. Once her voice followed after him,

"Don't forget the doughnuts, Martin."

"I shant, the next time I'm hungry."

They were the last words she heard. A moment later and he was out of sight, and Mrs. Johnson went in and closed the door. God help her!

"Is there any tidings from the war, Squire Farnham?" asked Mrs. Johnson, as the gentleman entered her cottage, one pleasant morning in the early autumn. Squire Farnham was a bluff, rubicund face, corpulent, good hearted

sort of man. That very morning a short paragraph in the county newspaper had caught his eye, and it ran,

"Martin Johnson, of the Third Vermont Regiment, was shot by a scout last night, while on guard duty."

The Squire saw at the first glance that the terrible tidings had not reached Mrs Johnson. He had ridden over to condole with her, and it had fallen to him to break the news to the stricken, as best he could.

"Wall, yes," said the gentleman, taking a chair in the small parlor, and feeling very awkward, "we've had some news."

There was something in the tone which made Mrs. Johnson look up with a throb of fear in her heart. "Is it bad news?" she asked.

"Mrs. Johnson, I'm sorry for you, from my soul!" said Squire Farnham.

Perhaps a woman would have broken the news more tenderly, but the Squire was a blunt man, and did it after his fashion.

Mrs. Johnson's lips grew very white; she came towards the Squire, and said, in a rapid, trembling voice,

"Have you heard anything about my boy?"

"Mrs. Johnson, he's gone!"

She did not shriek or scream,—she sat down in the nearest chair, and lifted up her withered hands, and while the tears swam down her pale cheeks, she moaned,

"Don't say so, Squire Farnham, don't say my boy has gone. God has got all the rest, and I thought He'd leave him to my old age!"

"No, no, it can't be that Martin's gone,—that I shall never hear his bright, quick step on the walk, or see his dear face come bounding in at the door. He was all I'd got in the wide world, and I was so proud of him, and I loved him so!"

"My little Martin, whose yellow curls I used to wind around my fingers, when he was a baby, and crowed in my lap—my little, blue eyed Martin, lying away off there, still and cold, with no mother to bend down her face over him when he looked up and called for her the last time—oh, don't say my boy is gone, or my heart will break—my heart will break!" moaned the poor mother, as the truth began to dawn more fully on her.

Squire Farnham was a strong man, but he bowed down his head, and cried like a child.

At last he looked up, for there was a sudden fall. Mrs. Johnson had fainted.

"God help her," he said, as he lifted her in his arms, and laid her on the bed in the next

room. She has said the truth, 'her heart will break!'"

Dear reader, on the golden back-ground of the last summer days how many such dark scenes have been painted?

Let us, who mourn no beloved dead on battle fields, be humble, be pitiful, and grateful to God that no blow has fallen upon our homes; and may He drop the dews of His healing on the hearts which have been torn with that anguish, for which there is neither earthly help or consolation!

## Religion.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

"It is difficult for the mind to comprehend God, or the language in which to address Him. We cannot through material means describe an immaterial being, and that which is eternal, allies itself with difficulty to that which is the subject of time. The one passes away, the other exists forever. The one is a perception of the spirit, the other a reality. That which we recognize through our senses, may be expressed in words, but that which is incorporeal, invisible, immaterial, that which may not be known to our senses, cannot be expressed in language. I comprehend then, O Thoth! I comprehend, why God is ineffable."—*Egypte Ancienne.*

Hail blessed Sabbath! On thy holy air,  
I feel the wafting of the angels' wings;  
The busy world is hushed, and sleeping care  
No more its daily round of trouble brings.  
Religion is the Sabbath of the soul,  
Which earth's unconscious ones so oft deride,  
As well the blind deny that planets roll,  
As well the landsman doubt the ocean's tide,  
As the dark, sensuous beings, formed of clay,  
Whose light is "darkness," doubt "the perfect day."

Man hath a twofold nature, sense and spirit,  
The one for earth, the other for the skies;  
Blest are the human angels who inherit  
The inner senses and the seeing eyes.  
Who laugh not doubtingly, because the arm  
Of the Almighty is not bared to view,  
Who see a potent force, a silent charm,  
Send us the sunshine, and drop down the dew;  
And who thro' nature mark with silent awe,  
Not law alone, but the Great Source of Law.

Since man first walked erect upon the earth  
Those inner senses, (instincts we would say  
Of all below us), struggling into birth  
Point us the light, and guide us in the way;

While reason, born of intellect and brain,  
Judge of material nature, stumbles on,  
Drops now and then a link in thought's great chain,  
And then like ship at sea, with rudder gone,  
Floats wildly o'er a waste of doubt and dread,  
With no known sign in Heaven—no sounding  
lead—

Then know thyself, O man! remember thou,  
That earthly sense and reason are but made  
To scan the world around us, scarce thy brow  
Can gaze on yonder summits, whose deep shade  
Covers a world of microscopic view,  
(Hid from thy haughty arrogance alone.)  
Which thou hadst well denied, as boldly too,  
As the bright world above thee, yet unknown;  
Not dreamed each groove of silex at thy feet  
Was, to some insect mart, a spacious street—

The unseen world of causes God doth hide,  
How many ways of coming to one end?  
By destiny the hands of man are tied,  
We cannot save, nor yet preserve, a friend.  
Our little sphere of Power is just as wide  
As our ability to know, is given,  
Our thoughts and wishes on the lightnings ride,  
Yet are we not one moment nearer Heaven?  
We know not whence we came, how we had birth,  
Yet we can tame and subjugate the earth.

Yet, from our instincts, know we that within  
Reigns the directing Will, the sovereign Soul;  
Whate'er impairs perfection, that is sin;  
Whate'er brings down to passion's wild control,  
Is as a traitor to Imperial Thought,  
(Which intellect and passion must obey;)  
Reason, its minister, and only sought,  
Like engineer, to lay us down the way  
By which the Will may reach a certain goal,  
That conscious Thought and Will, conjoined, are  
Soul.

What more our Spirit is, we may not guess;  
What other powers and gifts, (that now, confined  
In this small temple,) it may yet possess  
When it shall enter the domain of Mind,  
The universe invisible, which lies  
Just at the threshold, but the way is barred  
To our closed senses, and our blinded eyes,  
To see with eyes that see not, this is hard;  
Yet, hath our Master made this truth most clear—  
"With eyes, we see not, nor with ears, we hear."

Doubt nothing, for credulity is wise,  
How far the laws of Nature known to thee,  
Yet, on thy arrogance, thou sound'st the skies,  
And bid'st us doubt all that we cannot see.  
Come, thou philosopher, expound to all  
The secret of our being and our death;  
Tell us why grass is short, and trees are tall!—  
Why, filled the head with brains, the lungs with  
breath?

Your only answer—"These are Nature's laws,"—  
Where links the law to the Directing Cause?

Religion then is Faith, the golden key  
That opes to man the treasures of the skies;  
All who who have faith must love, and then obey,  
In those three words, all true religion lies;  
Faith, Love, Obedience, will be as the ark,  
Borne through the wilderness, to guide us on,  
A pillared light, when earthly skies are dark,  
A cloud of brightness, when the night is gone;  
Through day and night, through joy and through  
despair,  
The ark of golden Seraphim is there.

Oh! figured type of truth, which all may read,  
Deep meaning, hid in allegoric guise.  
Blind, reasoning man, take to thy footsteps heed,  
Man is most foolish when he seems most wise;  
Earth's wisdom can but scarcely enter in  
Where little children walk, with certain tread,  
Conceit is the unpardonable sin,  
To Him who counts the hairs upon thy head;  
Cast down thy soul, and then most humbly pray  
That He will guide thee in "the narrow way."

Yet, light His yoke, and gentle is the rein,  
More soft than silken fetters are His laws,  
The path is easy, and the way is plain,  
Ask but His aid, nor let thy worthless cause  
Deter thee from the effort, for to will  
To follow right, is half the battle won;  
Heaven bends to man half way, and ever still  
Walks by thy side the great Messiah Son,  
Watching and waiting for the vile to pray,  
And be to them "the life, the truth, the way."  
BEAVER, PA.

## Life Echoes.

"There's the echo rock," said Mabel, and as  
she spoke, she flung across the meadows that  
lay between, a merry maiden laugh. We stood  
listening for a moment, and then the rock sent  
back the flutter of sound as sweet and musical  
as happy girlhood itself.

"Not a tone lost," said we.

"Only softened, and just touched with  
something weird, as if echo were a personality,  
and, in imitating Mabel's laugh, had given to  
it a hue from her own spirit," answered our  
student companion.

"Send over that laugh again, Mabel," said  
we. And away, at our word, went her voice,  
like a flight of singing birds. Then we stood  
listening as before, until the birds came back,  
singing as they went, but just a little wing-  
weary.

"The voice has lost something. What is  
it?" remarked the student.

"Or gained something; which?" asked



Florence, who was standing by Mabel's side. "To me, it has gained the something weird of which you spoke just now," and she looked at the student, so fixedly, that his eyes dropped away from hers.

"The imitation is so near the original," we remarked, "that the variation is scarcely worth noting. Let us try this echo with a different sound." We sent a strong, cheery cry, over the intervening meadows, and the strong, cheery cry, peeled back again, finding a new echo in the rocks, that lifted their brown heads above us.

"As we speak, so echo answers us," said the student. "If we speak to her in gladness, she answers us in tones of gladness; if in grief, in tones of grief. Always, she gives us a reflection of ourselves; doubling, as it were, our gladness or our grief."

Then the young man threw out a deep, wailing cry, as of one in suffering; and the cry came back just a little sadder in tone. A rush of angry words broke upon the stillness that followed, and angry words were repeated, in fierce impulses of sound.

"Sing, Mabel," said one of the company.

Mabel's clear, sweet voice, went out in tuneful cadences, filling the air with melody; and echo took up the strains, throwing them forth, and mingling them in such rythmical harmony, that it seemed like one glad heart singing to another."

"A singular phenomena, to say the least of it," remarked one of our little party, as we stood in the brooding silence that followed.

"Let it be our instructor," said the student.

"Will you point the moral?" we asked.

"As echo speaks to us, so will the world speak," he replied. "If we laugh in its face, it will laugh back upon us; if we address it angrily, it will reply in anger; if there is hope, and confidence, and good-will in our voices, it will reply hopefully, in good-will and confidence. As man goes into the world, so the world recognizes him—it is all things, to all men; re-acting in the line of action. Do we not see this every day? The world has always a smile for some men, and always a frown for others; yet, how rarely is it understood, that both the smile and frown, are as much reflections of the character of the two classes of men, as echo is of the sounds we throw to her across the intervening spaces. The world is quick to comprehend a character, and as instinctive as echo in adaptation."

"A thought worthy of consideration," said

Mabel, smiling, "and one upon which I mean to act. Thanks for the suggestion!"

"How will you speak to the world?" we asked.

"In a loving voice, of course; for I would have love and kindness from every one," answered the maiden.

"Kindness from all; but love from one,"

said Florence. She did not look at the student, but let her eyes droop to the ground. His eyes were on her face, in which the color was deepening. We think there was, in his heart, an echo of her voice.

"There is still another lesson for us," we said. "The echoes of our lives are ever coming back upon us in states and consequences, that have in them the qualities of our motives, whether they be good or evil. Is it not of vital moment in what voices our lives speak, considering that the echoes will be in all things responsive? The echoes that come to us from the outside world, are of small account to those which sound in our inner consciousness, and to which we must listen when alone with ourselves. And these voices do not die; memory is continually sending them forth, and awakening for us echoes that fill our minds with gladness or regret—with joy or grief—with pleasant repose of mind, or a burdening disquietude. Ah, these echoes of our lives are not such airy, unsubstantial things as come answering back to us from the hills over yonder! No, no, young friend!"

"But," said the student, "the echoes of which I spoke—echoes from the world around us—must, in their degree, correspond to the inner echoes to which you refer. Our outer lives are but reflections of our inner lives."

"True."

"If we live in cheerful obedience to the will of Providence, we shall speak to the world cheerfully, and it will answer us back in as cheerful a tone. If we seek the good of our neighbor, the neighbor's voice shall be a pleasant echo in our ears. But, if we unhappily resist the wise ordainings of Providence, and fret and chafe in the bonds of circumstance that hold us in our right positions; if we disregard our neighbor's good, and trample on his rights, in attempting to grasp what we may call our own; then, our utterances will be returned upon us in discordant harshness. Nay, more, as the echo of the world is, so will be our life echoes. Let the former be to us as guides and monitors."

"Spoken wisely and well," we answered.

"And may we all take the lesson to heart. It is worth remembering."

Then the weird echoes were tried again. Pleasant voices were sent to them, and they returned us pleasant voices; sad tones, and there came back sad responses; gay laughter was the gift for gay laughter, and music for music.

"So will our life echoes be," we said, one to another, as we passed from the sylvan scene where nature had been our teacher. T. S. A.

## Steinberg the Suicide;

OR,

"NEVER DESPAIR."

BY W. TWISSELETON HALEY.

The often uttered words, "Never Despair," are usually as little impressive upon the hearer, as they are lightly used by the speaker. Upon my mind, their full and gravely important meaning was indelibly impressed, and with an intense and vivid effect, by a horrible case of murder and suicide, which thrilled the universal heart of England, some five and thirty years ago.

The case in question has, probably, never been published in this country; or, if ever published here, is unknown to the present generation of readers; and, it so powerfully enforces the above admirable, but only too generally neglected maxim, that I deem it well worthy of all the publicity that can be given to it.

About the year 1826, a very ingenious inventor, and admirably skilful mechanician, named Steinberg, a native of Rhenish Prussia, tenanted a rather handsome house in the pleasant London suburb called Pentonville.

After long years of study and experiment, and the expenditure of really vast sums of money, he had invented a machine by which he confidently expected to realize a large fortune for himself, and quite immensely to facilitate the processes, and to aggrandize the wealth of all manufacturing communities.

Connected with one noble and opulent family by birth, and with another by marriage, he had from each of them received liberal aid, when, in his enthusiastic pursuit of his scientific purpose, he had expended not only his own large fortune, but also the scarcely inferior one of his wife, to whom, strange as the assertion may seem, when contrasted with the horrible crime which he at length committed, there was positive proof that he was most devotedly attached.

At the commencement of the year above mentioned, Steinberg's working model of his machine was perfected, and all that remained for him to do, was to take out patents, and make his machines rapidly enough to fulfil the orders which he was certain to receive from manufacturers, not only in England and America, but in almost every considerable country in Europe. But, to do these things, required the immediate command of a very considerable sum of money; and, his long years of constant but unproductive toil, had by that time left him so literally penniless, that he was daily—almost hourly, importuned for his rent, and for petty sums which he owed to various small traders in his neighborhood.

Under these circumstances, he caused accurate drawings to be made of his working model, and sent them, together with detailed and clear explanations, to his wife's, and his own wealthiest relatives in Germany, and implored, rather than merely requested them, to advance him the sum which alone was then needed to secure him, infallibly and promptly, the fame and fortune for which he so long and so arduously had toiled in vain.

Reserved—almost morose in manner; and, at that especial period of his life, reduced to poverty too utter to admit of concealment, Steinberg, truth to say, was looked upon by his anxious creditors as a mere and somewhat crack-brained projector, whose project would never produce him a dollar; in a word, a victim of that especial kind of monomania to which, in all times and in all countries, men have succumbed, when misguided by strong imaginations and weak judgments.

This general opinion, it will readily be supposed, did not tend to render his creditors more patient; and, when the date on which, according to his belief and promise, he was to receive remittances from Germany was over, past by several weeks, they became daily more and more importunate; and, in one or two cases, were harsh, and even threatening in their language.

At that time, a harsh creditor, by simply making affidavit of just claim to the amount of one hundred dollars, could throw his debtor into jail, and keep him there until he could take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtor's Act, that facetiously misnamed "Benefit" being attainable only at an expense of fully the above mentioned sum. Practically, therefore, to a penniless man, pursued by an obdurate creditor, the imprisonment may have been said to be perpetual.

Loudly and harshly threatened by creditors, whose individual demands were sufficiently high to enable them at any moment to imprison him, he very naturally became both alarmed and irritated. Always so absorbed in thought as to be careless about his personal appearance, he now became so slovenly, so absolutely squalid, that not a tradesman would credit him with a loaf of bread, or a joint of meat; and, the unhappy man saw no prospect for his wife and five young children, but actual death by famine. Day by day, his face became paler, his frame weaker, and his mind more irritable. Still, no letter arrived from Germany; though, at length, to the wealthiest of the relatives to whom he had sent his drawings, he had subsequently sent two additional and more pressing letters, in which he fully and graphically described all the horrors of his situation, which so awfully contrasted with the opulence which a comparatively small amount of aid would so surely enable him almost on the instant to grasp.

After a very long perseverance in the heart-sickening exercise of "hoping against hope and reason," he at length arrived at the fatally mistaken conclusion, that both his wife's and his own relations, often and largely as they had formerly assisted him, had deserted him in the very crisis of his fate, and had determined to spare themselves the pain of expressed and direct refusal to aid him farther, by treating his application with a contemptuous silence.

And, in truth, when week after week passed by, without producing any letter from Germany, his fear was not altogether unreasonable, though the event proved that it was altogether ill founded. Day after day, and week after week, he lived on in that "hope deferred," which, as Solomon so truly saith, "maketh the heart sick;" watching as eagerly as vainly for the much needed letters, or even one of them. Yes, even one of them, containing even the paltriest remittance, would have saved that sorely tried and most wretched man from the dark depth of despair in which he committed a crime, or rather a whole host of crimes, which, even at this distance of time and place, one cannot think of without a shudder.

As I have already said, he was almost hourly importuned for more or less petty payments, towards which he had not the first red cent; his tradesmen refused to supply necessities for his not small household, and at length hunger,—real, extreme, torturing hunger—visited the whole family, and doubly, trebly inflicted

the worst of miseries upon the still fondly loving, but now undoubtedly, though only as yet partially, insane husband and father.

When his distresses, long deepening and darkening, had at length arrived at that truly terrible pass, Steinberg, as appears from a most frightfully and minutely graphic record, in his own hand writing, determined to await yet two more mails from Germany, and, should the later of them produce no letter,—terminate the lives of his whole family and himself. A dreadful resolve, and dreadfully, most dreadfully, was it carried into execution!

\* \* \* \* \*

Living within a few squares of the unhappy man's residence, I was one morning summoned as one of the coroner's jury, to inquire into the cause and circumstances of the obviously violent death of Steinberg, his wife, and their five children. Though I was then quite a young man, and am now a very old one, I have at the moment I write these lines as vividly and terribly before me the terrible scene that Steinberg's house presented on that morning, as though the shadow on the dial of my long, and not uneventful, life had receded, suddenly, some five and thirty years.

The man, Steinberg, so accomplished, so ingenious, so laborious, so enterprising, and on the very verge of being so enviably successful as to both fame and fortune, lay, surrounded by the shockingly slaughtered bodies of his wife and children, and weltering in his own blood. Not an atom of either food or fuel was in the house, and it was destitute of every article of furniture that could possibly have been at all secretly removed.

But, oh! how greatly was all the horror of the scene increased when, even while we, the coroner's jury, sat in earnest deliberation upon that most awful case of murder and suicide, the letter carrier entered the room, with a mail package, bearing the Berlin post-mark.

It was opened by the coroner, and contained a letter of credit on the London house of Rothschilds for the large sum of fifty thousand dollars, accompanied by most affectionate congratulations, and hearty assurances that any farther sum necessary to complete Steinberg's well earned and truly scientific triumph should be forthcoming whensoever asked for. The letter farther disclosed the fact, that both the families to whom he had written had been, in company, on a distant foreign tour, and hastened to forward aid and reply the very moment that they thus tardily received his letters.

Now, had his, no doubt very sorely tried,

patience held out but twelve hours longer, what dread crime would he not have escaped for himself, what horrible deaths would he not have spared his wife and children, what a frightful stigma would he not have spared his and our common humanity!

If I were to live to the age of Methuselah, I could never forget the impression that was made on the coroner—ordinarily so cold and impassive a formalist—and upon us, his jury, as that letter was read to us, while beneath our very eyes lay the mangled and gory bodies of a whole family—father, mother, and five children! Strong men among us sobbed and wept, like very women; and the strange coincidence of such a letter arriving so very little too late to prevent such a truly awful catastrophe, indelibly impressed upon me,—as I trust that this brief narrative will impress upon all who shall read it,—the great, but too often disregarded, though often enunciated truth, that we should NEVER DESPAIR.

No, *never*; not even

"When all around looks drear and dark,  
And reason half withholds her ray,  
And hope but sheds a feeble spark  
That more misleads our devious way."

Truly, most truly does the poet tell us that the darkest cloud has its silver lining; and, as is instanced in the terrible case of Steinberg, our own impatience may prove infinitely more fatal than the worst of misfortunes which we actually suffer under, or mistakenly anticipate.

PHILADELPHIA, August 28, 1861.

## Letters to the Girls.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. XIII.

So many of you have beautiful parlors, with soft carpets covered with flowers, rich as the dahlias, and high, airy ceilings, with sofas, and pianos, and walls covered with the choicest gifts of the artists, in frames of rosewood and gilt. You prize your parlors highly, but one little room, opening into the drawing-room, with a bay-window to the west, and a latticed one to the south, where the green leaves and bright coral-berries of the honeysuckle are the only curtains, and the pet canary sings all the summer's day, ah! this is your heart's delight. Not even the smallest of your oil paintings could have room to hang between the windows, or rest above the mantel, and yet there is space for far dearer treasures. Where the last gleam of sunshine steals in to give his good-night kiss, looks down the laughing eyes and rip-

pling curls of a dear schoolmate, and from the nook by the door, is the penciled sketch of the old chestnut, with the mill stream beyond, and the grassy slope, the favorite ground for picnics each summer since childhood, and even the picture seems sweet and dewy, the memory of the original is so full of cool breezes and fragrant breaths. Even the old monochromatic, half hid by a pendent vase, brings cheerful thoughts, for it gathers around you, once more, the group of laughing school-girls that gathered in the Seminary hall, to pass the hour for instruction, with busy stroke, and whispered jest, and drollery tableaux in smothered mirthfulness. Not one gilt frame in the whole room, and yet, no gilt could coax to barter trade. The fringed, feathery, unfading moss of some rock of the forest covers one; the lighter lichen of the beech drapes another; and the laughing eyes and rippling curls, look out from a frame still more elaborate, pine-cones, arranged into roses, and natural acorns, and beechnuts, varnished to mirror-like glossiness. In one corner, three shelves hung by cord and tassel, and ornamented with leather-work, form a pretty what-not; and in the other, a basket of moss, hiding an earthen dish filled with mould, and covered with white and pink daisies, and pendent myrtle, seem beautiful as the out-door world. Everything in the room is so cheap and yet so pretty, and now let me inquire, could you think, or manufacture these without instruction from others? A white-haired man, whose days could number eighty long years, said to me,

"Try to make others happy, and you will find happiness!"

It was no thoughtless sentence dropping from his lips; he had tried and tested its truth in the crucible of time fourscore years, and found it pure gold. Can I find one among you all who is not seeking for happiness, and if that sentence is the key, why not take it and use it? But where are the occasions? is your interrogatory, and the answer leads me to what this interlude of abrupt sentences was intended.

How much would you take for your pretty rooms, to say nothing about your costly parlors, elegant chambers, and library, rich with the wealth of countless minds. Did you ever try to imagine how you could live without even the poorest ingrain for carpet, bare walls, and half the year no ornament for the stand, for all the *cheap* flowers are dead. Shut your eyes and think a moment, and then tell me if you are not willing to say to your little seamstress, Flora Lee, "come and see the picture frame I

have been making; you often walk out by the rocks, and down by the woods, and see lichens, and mosses, and gather acorns. Well, these baskets, those frames are all made of them, and this vase is filled with dried grass, straw flowers, and pink and white amaranths, and it never fades or needs refilling." Flora is apt and observing, and a few hints and words from you are sufficient for her necessary instruction. Her walks, before merely pleasant, will grow cultivating and instructive, and her home in the coming long, dreary winter almost as cheerful as the sight of the old rocks, and the moss-covered log that overarches the winding stream. But not only is Flora happier, but her brother, whose steps are just leading where the paths diverge, and one leads upward to pure and holy influences, and the other into treacherous quicksands, and over yawning abysses of sin, is first led by love for his sister then love for the specimens themselves, to spend his hours of recreation where no wicked companion makes the sinful oath seem, by its very frequency, a *light thing*, and no cup of beer, leading to baser tastes, is freely urged upon his youthful lips. Your attempt to try to do good seemed very trifling, yet, one home is made not only bearable but pleasant, and one boy may grow up through it, worthy of the name of man, and when you are a little older, you will look around and observe how parents' virtues and vices often imprint themselves, faithful copy, from generation to generation; then you will realize the worth of the advice that prompts this letter. "Try to make others happy."

BEREA, Ohio.

YOUNG ladies when they get married should not relax their habits of personal neatness and graceful deportment, always so charming and becoming in their girlish days, and which were thought *indispensable* then in aiding them to create an agreeable impression, and setting off, in the most engaging light, their natural advantages. No fear of a young lady presenting herself before her lover, in the days of courtship, when each is solicitous to please, in a slovenly or tawdry condition. Yet too often does she drop into careless, slipshod ways in the home to which that same young man has taken her to share with him, and he is indeed an object of the greatest commiseration, whose domestic feelings cannot be gratified by the neat and ladylike appearance of her whom he has selected from the rest of her sex to make his home a bright and pleasant one.

## The Battle of Chippewa.

FROM HEADLEY'S "SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND."

On the same day the expedition to Mackinaw sailed from Detroit, the army which had been concentrated at Buffalo during the winter, crossed the Niagara, July 3d, 1814, in its third campaign against Canada. Brown, who had been made Brigadier-General for his gallant conduct at Sackett's Harbor, was afterwards promoted to the rank of Major-General, and given the command of the army destined to act on the Niagara frontier. Two regular brigades, commanded by Scott and Ripley, and a brigade of volunteers and militia, with a few Indians, under General Porter, composed his force. He was directed to carry out that portion of the Secretary's plan which looked to the possession and fortification of Burlington Heights, previous to a descent on Kingston and Montreal. First, he was to seize Fort Erie, risk a combat with the enemy at Chippewa, menace Fort George, and then, if Chauncey's fleet could co-operate with him, advance rapidly on Burlington.

The two regular brigades had been subjected for three months to a new and most rigid discipline. The system of tactics hitherto in use had been handed down from the Revolution, and was not, therefore, adapted to the improved mode of warfare. Scott here, for the first time, introduced the French system. He drilled the officers, and they, in turn, the men. So severe and constant was this discipline, that, in the short space of three months, these brigades became intelligent, steady, and invincible as veterans.

The preparations being completed, the army crossed the Niagara river, and took Fort Erie without a struggle. The main British army, under General Riall, lay at Chippewa, towards which Scott pressed, heading the advance, with his brigade, chasing before him, for sixteen miles, a detachment commanded by the Marquis of Tweeddale, who said he could not account for the ardor of the pursuit until he remembered it was the Fourth of July, our great anniversary. At dark, the Marquis crossed the Chippewa, behind which lay the British army. This river enters the Niagara nearly at right angles. Two miles farther up, Street's Creek joins the Niagara also, and behind it General Brown drew up the American forces. Those two miles of interval between the streams was an open plain, skirted on one side by the Niagara river, and on the other by a forest.



In the morning, General Brown resolved to advance, and attack the British in their position. The latter had determined on a similar movement against the Americans, and unbeknown to each other, the one prepared to cross the bridge of Chippewa, and the other that of Street's Creek.

The battle commenced in the woods on the left, and an irregular fight was kept up for a long time between Porter's brigade and the Canadian militia stationed there. The latter were at length driven back to the Chippewa, when General Riall advanced to their support. Before this formidable array, the American militia, notwithstanding the noble efforts of General Porter to steady their courage, broke and fled. General Brown immediately hastened to the scene, merely saying to Scott, as he passed on, "The enemy is advancing, you will have a fight." The latter, ignorant of the forward movement of Riall, had just put his brigade in marching order, to cross the creek for a drill on the level plain beyond. But, as the head of the column reached the bank, he saw the British army drawn up in beautiful array in the open field, on the farther side, while a battery of nine pieces stood in point blank range of the bridge over which he was to cross. Swiftly, yet beautifully, the corps of Scott swept over the bridge, and deployed under the steady fire of the battery. The first and second battalions, under Majors Leavenworth and McNeil, took position in front of the left and centre of the enemy, while the third, under Jessup, obliques to the left, to attack their right, stationed in the woods, and which threatened to outflank the American line. It was a bright, hot, July afternoon, the dusty plain presented no obstacle behind which either party could find shelter, and the march of the steady battalions over its surface, led on by bands of music, playing national airs, presented one of those stirring scenes which make man forget the carnage that is to follow. The heavy, monotonous thunder of Niagara rolled on over the discharges of artillery, while its clouds of spray, rising from the strife of waters, and glittering in the sunbeams, contrasted strangely with the sulphurous clouds that heaved heavenward from the conflict of men beneath.

Both armies halting, firing, and advancing in turn, continued to approach until they stood within eighty yards of each other. Scott, who had been manœuvring to get the two battalions of Leavenworth and McNeil in an oblique position to the British line, at length

succeeded, the two farther extremities being nearest the enemy. Thus the American army stood like an obtuse triangle, of which the British line formed the base. While in this position, Scott, wishing to pass from one extremity to the other, and being in too great a hurry to go back of the lines, around the triangle, cut directly across, taking the cross fire of both armies, as he spurred in a fierce gallop through the smoke. A loud cheer rolled along the American line as they saw this daring act of their commander. Riding up to Towson's battery, he cried out, "A little more to the left, captain, the enemy is there." This gallant officer was standing amid his guns, enveloped in smoke, and had not observed that the British had advanced so far that his fire fell behind them. Instantly discovering his mistake, he changed the direction of his two remaining pieces, and poured a raking, destructive fire through the enemy's ranks, blowing up an ammunition wagon, which spread destruction on every side. At this critical moment, Scott rode up to McNeil's battalion, his face blazing with excitement, and shouted, "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron. I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to that slander—Charge!"

Just as the order, "charge," escaped his lips, came that destructive fire from Towson's battery. The thunder of those guns, at that critical moment, was to Scott's young and excited heart, like the shout of victory, and rising in his stirrups, and swinging his sword aloft, he cried, CHARGE, CHARGE THE RASCALS." With a high and ringing cheer, that gallant battalion moved with leveled bayonets, on the foe. Taking the close and deadly volleys without shrinking—never for a moment losing its firm formation, it struck the British line obliquely, crumbling it to pieces as it swept on, and making awful havoc in its passage.

Leavenworth did the same on the right, with like success, while Jessup, in the woods, ignorant how the battle was going in the plain, but finding himself outflanked, ordered his troops "to support arms, and advance." They cheerfully obeyed, and in the face of a most deadly fire, charged home on the enemy, and obtaining a better position, poured in their volleys with tremendous effect. From the moment these charges commenced, till the enemy fled, the field presented a frightful spectacle. The two armies were in such close proximity, and the volleys were so incessant and destructive, and the uproar so terrific,

that orders could no longer be heard. But, through his two aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, who galloped to and fro, and by their presence and gestures transmitted his orders, in the midst of the hottest fire, Scott caused every movement to be executed with precision, and not an error was committed from first to last.

The enemy fled over the Chippewa, tore up the bridge, and retired to his encampment.

The sun went down in blood, and the loud voice of Niagara, which had been drowned in the roar of battle, sounded on as before, chaunting a requiem for the gallant dead, while the moans of the wounded loaded the air of the calm summer evening.

Nearly eight hundred killed and wounded had been stretched on the earth in that short battle, out of some four thousand, or one-fifth of all engaged.\* A bloodier battle, considering the numbers, was scarce ever fought. The British having been taught to believe that the American troops would give way in an open fight, and that the resort to the bayonet was always the signal of victory to them, could not be made to yield until they were literally crushed under the headlong charge of the Americans.

General Brown, when he found that Scott had the whole British army on his hands, hurried back to bring up Ripley's brigade; but, Scott's evolutions and advance had been so rapid, and his blow so sudden and deadly, that the field was swept before he could arrive.

McNeill's battalion had not a recruit in it, and Scott knew, when he called on them to give the lie to the slander that American troops could not stand the cold steel, that they would do it, though every man perished in his footsteps.

Major Leavenworth's battalion, however, embraced a few volunteers, and among them a company of backwoodsmen, who joined the army at Buffalo, a few days before it was to cross the Niagara.

An incident illustrating their character, was told the writer's father by Major-General Leavenworth himself. Although a battle was expected in a few days, the Major resolved in the meantime to drill these men. Having ordered them out for that purpose, he endeavored to apply the manual; but, to his surprise, found that they were ignorant of the most common terms, familiar even to untrained

militia. While thus puzzled with their awkwardness, Scott rode on the field, and in a sharp voice, asked Major Leavenworth if he could not manage those soldiers better. The Major, lifting his chapeau to the General, replied, that he wished the General would try them himself. The latter rode forward, and issued his commands; but the backwoodsmen, instead of obeying him, were ignorant even of the military terms he used. After a few moments' trial, he saw it was a hopeless task, and, touching his chapeau in return to Leavenworth, said, "Major, I leave you your men," and rode off the field. The latter, finding that all attempts at drill during the short interval that must elapse before a battle occurred, would be useless, ordered them to their quarters. On the day of the battle, he placed them at one extremity of the line, where he thought they would interfere the least with the manœuvres of the rest of the battalion. He said that during the engagement, this company occurred to him, and he rode the whole length of his line to see what they were about. They were where he had placed them, captain and all, obeying no orders, except those to advance. Their ranks were open, and out of all line; but the soldiers were cool and collected as veterans. They had thrown away their hats and coats, and besmeared with powder and smoke, were loading and firing, each for himself. They paid no attention to the order to fire; for, the idea of "shooting" till they had good aim, was preposterous. The thought of running, had evidently never crossed their minds. Fearless of danger, and accustomed to pick off squirrels from the tops of the loftiest trees, with their rifle balls, they were quietly doing what they were put there to perform, viz: kill men; and, Major Leavenworth said, there was the most deadly work in the whole line. Men fell like grass before the scythe. Not a shot was thrown away—ten men were equal to a hundred firing in the ordinary way.

DO IT WELL.—"Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," is a maxim which should be remembered by all Young Ruralists. Nothing is ever gained by only half doing work, and many persons lose much time and labor all their lives, by not remembering this. When you are at school, learn all your lessons well, if you can; if not, learn part of them well, and omit the others. And, when you are at home, whatever may be your employment, do all your work well.

\* The British were 2100 strong. American troops actually engaged, 1900.

British killed, 138. Wounded and missing, 365. Americans killed, 68. Wounded and missing, 267.

## Hints to Lady Equestrians.

What I write is the result of large experience, much thought, and close attention to the subject. It may seem trite—even needless—to those who have carefully studied it as I have; but there are, I presume to think, many to whom these "HINTS" cannot but be useful. Those who have practised little, or not considered much, will, I believe, thank me for them and profit by them.

The art of horsemanship does not consist merely in knowing how to mount, how to hold the reins, how to sit with security and grace, nor how to compel the horse to walk that canters or gallops at the will of the rider. All these are indispensable. But there is also to be acquired the art of drawing forth the willing obedience of the animal. This is to be obtained only by a kind, temperate, and uniform treatment, and by a thorough knowledge of his habits and instincts. How different is a ride on a well-kept, well-used horse, who feels that he carries a *friend*, to one on a broken-spirited or timid creature, in whom ill-usage has produced many defects. In the former case, the exercise is as great a pleasure to the horse as to his rider. He sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he throws forward his feet with energy. Life has, to him, delights beyond his stall and his corn. The horse is naturally gentle, intelligent, and affectionate; but these qualities are not sufficiently studied or appreciated. He is usually regarded merely as a means of health and pleasure to his owner, and not often is either gratitude, kindness, or sympathy extended to him in return.

Occasionally horses are found vicious and unmanageable; but defects of temper may generally be traced to the ill treatment of some reckless master, some cruel trainer, or some ignorant groom. Even in these cases, mild, but firm treatment, may render him gentle and tractable.

**SADDLING.**—In saddling, the groom very frequently flings the saddle on the horse's back, and at once proceeds to tighten the girths to the extent required. This causes the animal great inconvenience, which he resents by throwing back his ears, and trying to bite or kick his tormentor; for which he is corrected in very strong language, if not by a blow, and his temper ruffled, to the discomfort of his rider. The horse, being accustomed to such rough treatment, endeavors, by puffing himself out, to lessen, in some degree, the distress

experienced from this mode of saddling; and, in consequence, when the rider has been on the road some half hour, she finds her seat become loose and unsteady. Should the horse start or shy, and the rider be inexperienced, she may lose her balance (in which case the saddle will turn round) and be precipitated to the ground.

The humane and experienced groom will place the saddle lightly on the back of the horse, patting him kindly as he does so. Then, drawing up the girths to within two holes of the required tightness, will so leave it for a quarter of an hour. By this time the saddle will be *warm*, when it may be tightened as much as necessary, without pain or discomfort to the animal, and, moreover, greatly lessening the chances of a wrung back or withers.

A lady's saddle should be placed more backward on the horse than a gentleman's, to keep the heavy weight of the iron as far from the withers as possible.

**MOUNTING, AND USE OF THE REINS.**—In mounting, place the left foot in the hand of the groom, resting the right hand on the pommel of the saddle. Spring lightly, but surely, into the seat, neither throwing too much weight on the hand of the assistant, nor pulling at the saddle; both are ungraceful, and, after a little practice, unnecessary. Let the groom arrange the habit carefully between the foot and the stirrup. If well arranged at first, it ought to remain so during the ride. The habit should never be pinned under the foot; it is sure to tear the skirt, and prevent it falling gracefully and easily. Seat yourself rather backward in the saddle, taking care that the figure be erect, and the shoulders perfectly square with your seat. Take the reins in the left hand. If you ride on the curb, raise that first, leaving the left rein outside the hand, or between the third and fourth fingers,—the right side of the rein between the first and second fingers. Then raise the snaffle, leaving the left rein outside the hand, and the right with the curb, between the first and second fingers. Leave the snaffle looser than the curb, so as to hang gracefully in a festoon from the bit. Double all the four reins together over the forefinger, placing the thumb firmly on them.

Should you prefer riding on the snaffle, which to an inexperienced rider is perhaps safer, and certainly, in such a case, preferable for the horse, reverse the instructions above given, taking up the snaffle first, etc.—keep the elbows close to the body—not in young-lady fashion, so as to form a triangle with the waist,

by which, rounding and stooping of the shoulders is produced, and all power over the horse lost. The hands should always be kept low, as near the saddle as possible. In guiding the horse by the rein, use the hand only, from the wrist downwards. Never use the arms. If you wish your horse to move to the right, bend the hand slightly inwards towards the body, so as to tighten the right rein, and loosen the left. If you wish him to move to the left, depress your hand slightly, which will tighten the left rein and loosen the right. In both cases, keep the wrist unmoved. It should be done by the hand alone, and imperceptibly—a slight balancing motion of the body, so slight as to be *felt*, not *seen*, should accompany the action of the hand.

The management of the reins is the greatest difficulty in horsemanship, and, by some persons, it is a difficulty never altogether overcome. Do not pull at a horse's mouth. Work the reins continually very gently, and easily, but let there be no strain on him, or he will certainly learn to pull, and lose the graceful easy carriage of his head. A thoroughbred horse should have his mouth so light, that he may be ridden with a piece of packthread. But a bad rider may teach him to pull in a very few lessons. By working the mouth, I mean a light wavy motion of the hand, not tiring to the rider, and pleasing to the horse—to be acquired by practice and attention only.

The reins should never be required to assist the seat—I mean that, perfect balance that enables the rider to do what she will, without interfering with the action of the horse. The perfect rider should be able to bend her body down to the stirrup on the left side, or down to the girth on the right, to throw her arms over-head, and yet her horse not swerve in the least. A lady who has a perfect seat may throw her stirrup aside, and her reins across her horse's neck, and yet be able to guide him by the mere balance of her body, whether in walking, cantering, trotting, or galloping. I had almost forgotten to mention the whip. It should be carried in the right hand, and simply as an ornament. A good rider never requires it; a kind rider will never use it. The man who strikes the willing creature that carries him through heat and cold, through rain and wind, in spite of fatigue or thirst, degrades himself by the act. A lady—a lady, uses the hand that holds the whip but to pat and encourage. "Poor fellow! Good horse!" will do more with the noble animal than the blow.

**CANTERING.**—On first setting forth, the horse should be allowed to walk a short distance. Some riders gather up their reins hastily, and before they have secured them properly, allow the animal to trot or canter off. Such a proceeding is often productive of mischief, sometimes of accident. A lady's horse should canter with the right foot. The left, produces a rough unpleasant motion and ungraceful appearance. The whole body is jerked at every stride. Should the animal have been trained to canter with the left foot, a little perseverance will soon teach him better. Hold the rein so as to tighten it slightly on the left side of the mouth, touch (not hit) him gently on the right shoulder with the whip—sit well back in the saddle, so as not to throw weight on the shoulder. The horse will soon understand what is required of him. But if he does not, try again after an interval of a few minutes. Straighten the reins immediately he throws out the right foot. Pat and encourage him with kind words, but repeat the operation should he change his feet, which he may do before getting accustomed to his new step. The considerate rider will not compel him to canter too long at a time, for it is very fatiguing. That it is so, is easily proved by the fact that the steed of a lady, too fond of cantering, becomes weak in the forelegs, or what is commonly called "groggy."

**TROTTING.**—Trotting, if well performed, is very graceful, but is more difficult to acquire than cantering. The rider should sit slightly more forward than for cantering, on, but not more forward than, the centre of the seat, pressing the knee firmly against the saddle, and keeping the foot perfectly straight (rather turned in than out) in the stirrup. She must rise slightly with every step of the animal, taking care to keep the shoulders quite square with the horse. To lean over one side or the other, be the inclination ever so slight, or to bring forward one shoulder more than the other, has a very bad appearance. A good horsewoman will avoid the common error of leaning forward when trotting. It is not only very ungraceful, but in the attitude nearly all power is lost. The arms are comparatively useless. Should the horse stumble, the rider risks being thrown over his head. Her position deprives her of the power of assisting her horse to rise, whilst the additional weight thrown on his shoulders prevents him from helping himself. At all times, the broad part of the foot only should rest on the iron of the stirrup.

**SHYING.**—Should a horse shy, he does it generally from timidity. The common practice of forcing a horse to approach very near the object of alarm is a foolish and useless abuse of power. He should be encouraged by words and patting on the neck, and above all by the fearlessness of his rider. A horse soon learns to depend greatly on his mistress. Should she start, or feel timid, he perceives it immediately, and will prick up his ears and look about him for the cause. On the other hand, I have known many real dangers encountered with safety, through the rider having sufficient presence of mind to break out into a snatch of song (all horses like singing), which has diverted his attention from the object of fear.

**REARING.**—Should a horse rear, lean the body forward, loosing the reins at the same moment; press both hands, if necessary, on the mane. Should, however, a horse rear so as to endanger the safety of the rider, loosen well the rein, pass the whip from the right hand to the left, double up the right hand into a fist, and hit him between the ears. *Show no fear*, but trot on as though nothing had occurred. Turn his head towards home, and he will be certain to repeat his feat on a future occasion! The above is rarely necessary, and should only be done in a case of urgency.

A lady rode a spirited thoroughbred horse. She had been ill for a short time, and the groom had been ordered to exercise him every day. Recovered from her indisposition, the lady again mounted her favorite. She had not proceeded far on her ride, before she encountered one of those high trucks often seen in country towns. At sight of this the horse reared fearfully. His rider pressed all her weight on him, and he descended, but only to rise still higher. As she cast up her eyes, she saw his fore feet pawing the air above her head. He stood so erect, that she almost fell backwards. The bystanders screamed—the groom rode up: “Drop off! ma’am, oh! pray drop off!” he exclaimed, adding, in the excitement of the moment, a truth he might have concealed, “I always do.” The lady fortunately preserved her presence of mind: she shifted her whip and struck the horse with all her force between the ears. He descended instantly. Then (it was the first and last time she ever struck him) she beat him with her whip, and rode on as though nothing had happened. On inquiry, it was discovered that the groom had taken the horse out for exercise three times, had each time encountered a truck, and had each time dropped off behind when

the horse reared, which he did at first through fear, but afterwards through “trickiness,” for the purpose of getting home.

**KICKING.**—Should a horse kick, take care to keep him well in hand. He cannot kick, unless he throws his head down; and he cannot do that, if the reins are not held carelessly loose. A practiced rider can always tell when a horse is about to kick, by a peculiar motion of his body. It is instantaneous, but unmistakable. The best tempered horse may kick occasionally, from a rub of the saddle, or pressure on the withers. The animal should not be beaten, but the cause of his misconduct inquired into.

**DISMOUNTING.**—The ride being over, the horse should stand in the stable with the girths loosened, but the saddle untouched on his back, for at least twenty minutes, until cool, when it may be removed without inconvenience. Should the animal, if usually quiet, have misbehaved in any manner, the cause will generally appear as soon as the saddle is removed. Snatching the saddle from the horse’s back while it is still heated, often produces swellings, particularly if the skin be at all irritated by friction. The saddle should be sponged, and dried, either in the sun, or by the harness-room, or kitchen fire, before being put away. This precaution prevents the stuffing from hardening. A humane rider will always attend to the lining of the saddle, for a wrung back must be sad pain. A horse will shrink from the slightest touch of a finger on the injured part—what must, then, be the torture of the weight of a saddle and rider? We owe much pleasure to our saddle horse; should we not do all we can to preserve him from pain?

I cannot conclude without dwelling a little further on the *power of kindness* over the horse. I believe, from experience, that almost anything can, in time, be done by gentleness and consideration—not the consideration of weakness, usually termed “spoiling,” but the consideration prompted by admiration and love for God’s creatures—pity for helplessness—and that true generosity which should always accompany power. I once saw an instance that will exemplify what I say. A beautiful Irish mare, almost thoroughbred, had been ridden as a hunter, and afterwards by a lady. Being somewhat too high in her paces, it was intended to put her with another into harness. Immediately the coachman attached her to the carriage (an open one), she threw herself down on the stones of the stable-yard—she was whipped up, and again attached to the carriage,



and again threw herself down. While the second course of whipping was being administered, a compassionate housemaid ran into the drawing-room, and informed her mistress of what was going on. The lady immediately walked round through the garden, ordered the horse to be conveyed to the stable, and, on the following day, stood by the creature, feeding her with bread, and patting her silky neck, while she was being attached to the carriage. Then taking the reins in her own hand, slipping them through her fingers as she passed the animal, stroking and caressing her as she went, she drove out of the stable yard, to the great astonishment of the coachman. This creature, in a few days, became a perfectly trained carriage horse. She was, of course, awkward at first, but never obstinate.

### Our Spirit Hands.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

Across a bridge of smiles and tears,  
Dear friend, I clasp thy willing hand,  
And gaze into thy smiling eyes  
While standing on hope's sunlit strand.

Our spirit hands! how wild the thrill!  
How warm the touch which comes from thine!  
Like sweet bird-carols, music fills  
This eager, yearning heart of mine.

'Tis evening, and the placid moon  
Throws many a silvery beam o'er me,  
While on the scented zephyrs come  
A thousand kindly thoughts from thee.

The music of the singing birds,  
The odor of the summer flowers,  
The echoes through the wildwood heard,  
Bind closer still these hearts of ours.

I see thy smile, I hear thy voice,  
I close my eyes, while feelings grand  
Flow out, and make my heart rejoice,  
While clasping still thy spirit hands.

Thy earthly form is far away,  
Yet, kindred souls defy all space;  
In one short bound they may not stay,  
But wing their flight from place to place.

And thou art near me, for I see  
The wild wave of thy chestnut hair;  
I hear thy voice, so glad and free,  
And mark thy brow so high and fair.

Ah! are we not as mortals blest?  
How strong the closing, clustering hands—  
How wild the joy, how sweet the rest,  
While clasping still thy spirit hands.

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

### Early Morning Song.

Breathe the sweet air of the fresh, early morn;  
Catch the west wind, as it waves the young corn;  
Brush off the gossamer webs on the grass,  
And welcome the roses that blush as you pass.

What is so sweet as the songs of the wood,  
And the music of rills, where the willow tree  
stood?

What is so fair as yon sky deeply blue,  
Bending in love over me and o'er you?

Though gentle the pillow to those who are weak,  
Or weary, or chilled, in the storm rough and bleak,  
The morning so bright scatters sleep far away,  
And calls us to action—away, come away!

Come! awake from your dreams, and arise with the  
morn,  
And drink in the freshness of life newly born;  
For the spirit of beauty, of truth, and of love,  
Is floating before you—is lingering above.

Oh! let this sweet power throw its charm o'er you  
now,

To bless your full heart, and to gladden your brow  
That your life may be holier, your actions more  
true,

Your faith more inspiring, your hope ever new.

Ever new, ever bright, at this calm morning hour—  
Baptize us, great God, with the spirit of power,  
Of mercy and love, to our brother and Thee—  
Our life one heart-service, unbounded and free.

### Lines to a Poet.

BY FANNY FALES.

List, how the autumn sighs  
For the lost summer! all the clouds are weeping,  
And tears are in thine eyes  
For one pale rose, beneath the red leaves sleeping.

How many hearts are sad,  
Count them by thousands—as they read the story  
Of one, a martyr clad  
In robes of flame, who entered into glory.

God comfort! the wild sea  
How couldst thou stem it if no Christ were treading,  
Nor calling cheerily?  
Thou canst not sink with His love overspreading.

Then, poet, lift thine head,  
And touch thine harp, that we again may listen,  
Though joy leave grief, instead,  
And tears, like pearls, along each sweet chord glis-  
ten!

For thy tones solace pain,  
Strengthen the lone, and weak, and weary-hearted,  
He has not lived in vain,  
Will all men say, when thou too hast departed.

## LAY SERMONS.

### The Sweet Fountain.

"This cup is too bitter," said the lady—"Too, too bitter! I cannot drink of it." And a shudder ran through her frame. Her face was wan and troubled; her eyes red from a night of weeping.

"But, at last, it shall be sweet to the taste."

"You mock me!" the lady exclaimed, with a sudden throb of almost indignant rejection in her voice.

"Not so, my dear Mrs. Lea," was calmly, almost tenderly answered. "We are in God's hand, and all his ways are in mercy. If He permit sorrow or trouble, misfortune or bereavement, to darken our homes, it is that he may open the way for brighter sunbeams to enter. In the bitterest cup placed to our lips, will be found sweetness at last."

"There can be no sweetness in my cup. I shall find the draught grow bitterer and bitterer even to the dregs."

"And yet I say, dear friend! it was dipped from a sweet fountain."

The face of the lady who thus answered was serene; and yet, no one could look into it without seeing the old marks of pain, of care, of endurance and long suffering. The lines were not now sharply cut; but rounded and softened by the verdure which heavenly sunshine and refreshing dew had awakened into life.

"It was dipped from a sweet fountain," she repeated, "and the water is sweet."

"Sweet! Why will you mock me?" And Mrs. Lea, with a half-offended air, shut her eyes, and leaned back among the cushions amid which she languidly reposed. Her face was very, very sad.

"The bitterness lies in your taste. But, when that is refined and made perceptive in a higher degree, then will this cup of offence, as it now seems, be found to contain heavenly nectar. I am not speaking with a vague idealism,—no, no—but from life-experience. What we have lived we comprehend. Time was, when the cup God placed to my lips was as gall and wormwood. Often and often since, have I drank from the same cup, and found it honey to my taste. Have you been very happy in the time past, my friend?"

Mrs. Lea did not answer this abruptly put question, and a period of silence followed. As her friend looked into her troubled countenance—the eyes were still shut—she saw thought beginning to obliterate many of the lines that expressed only rebellion and suffering.

"In the time past," she resumed, "the abundance of this world has been gathered to your door. You have enjoyed wealth and position. But, has your

soul, in dwelling with these, found unalloyed pleasure? Did they bring satisfactions, delights, tranquillities? Was there no reaching of the soul beyond? No yearnings for a higher life? Have you not grown weary, and restless, often, under a sense of inadequacy in all around you to minister to crying wants? Like a caged bird, have you not fluttered as in a prison, panting for a wider range and purer atmospheres? Yes, my friend; it has been even so. You need not answer. We have stood, in past years, very near together, and I have seen it all. You have not been happy!"

"My own fault," answered Mrs. Lea, with slight impatience of manner. "I had everything to make me happy. Now, I lose everything on which my soul can rest."

"So far from that," said the friend, "you will lose nothing on which true happiness is based. Riches and honors have no power, in themselves, to give blessing. That is a state of the soul, and comes from right activities. The will acts in useful ends, and gives delight according to its quality of love to God and man, without reference to external conditions. So the way to happiness is set before the humblest and the poorest, even as it is set before the rich and great. If the rich will not, in their riches, find the way that leads to true enjoyment, and it is possible to lead them to right paths through the vale of poverty, God who is infinite in His love, will, from love, take them down into this valley, and in it show them the paths of peace, leading up to the mountains of delight. He will put a cup to their lips which may prove exceedingly bitter to the taste; but, in the end they will find that its waters came from a sweet fountain. In these sad times, He is leading many thousands down into dark and difficult ways, and they shrink, and tremble, and shudder as they descend. But, He knows what is in them, and will see that no good is lost, and no true source of happiness destroyed. If they will be patient, submissive, and self-denying, he will surely make their sun to shine in an unclouded sky, and their peace to flow as a river. Not, it may be, through any restoration of former things; but in a new life, to which shall be given, for nourishment, celestial food. The difference of this life from the former life, will be, as that between the chrysalis and the butterfly. Oh, my friend, seek for this life! As you go down in the ways of misfortune that must be trodden, do it with a brave heart and with trust in God. He is very near to all; but especially and intimately near to those who, in suffering and sorrow, turn to him in tearful hope, and prayerful confidence. He will make, what looks so rough in the distance, smooth and soft as grassy meadows.

Down amid those gloomy shadows that appal your soul, rays of divine light will come. Angel bands shall lead you, and angel voices speak words of consolation and hope."

And it came, in time, to be even so. There was good in Mrs. Lea. Potent in her heart were all the elements of a true woman, and these found life and development in a lower plane of social activity from the one in which she had moved in a spirit of proud self-seeking, or idle indulgence. Her fall, like that of many others, was rapid. In the concussion, she was stunned and bewildered; and for a brief time lay as one in whom all useful life was extinguished. But, Mrs. Lea was a wife and mother. Her husband was dear to her, and so were her children. Yet, had she not filled out the measure of her obligations as wife and mother, for all the love in her heart. Wealth had placed her in a false relation to common duties; and brought her within the sphere of false ideas. Because she was rich, and could, for hire, command the services of others, she had permitted herself to accept the hurtful fallacy, that in useful employments there was something degrading. And so accepting the ease and idleness which were offered, she had delegated her most sacred obligations, and left even her tender babes to the exclusive care of those who worked for hire.

But so sweeping was the disaster that fell upon her husband, that every vestige of fortune disappeared, and, at the age of forty, he found himself just on the level from which he had started nearly twenty years before.

Six months after the period of wreck, let us look in upon Mrs. Lea. The cup of misfortune has been, for all this time, at her lips; let us see whether she has found any sweetness in the draught. The home in which we find her, is very humble compared with the one out of which she passed not long before with hardly restrained tears. She is sitting with two children by her side, one a girl of seven years, and the other a boy of nine. The boy has his arm around her neck, and is looking upon a book that she is holding. The little girl stands in front, with her large eyes, full of light and happiness, fixed intently on her mother's face. Mrs. Lea is reading aloud. There is no sadness in her voice; but, on the contrary, a firm cheerfulness. Every now and then she pauses, and talks to the children about what she is reading. They listen with the deepest interest. Now, in one of these pauses, and just as the mother raises the book to resume her reading, the boy says,—

"I like this home best, don't you, Florence?"

"Yes, indeed I do;" the little girl answers, with a quiver of delight in her voice.

"How comes that? This home is not so large, nor so handsome, and we are poor." Mrs. Lea gazes curiously, and not without manifest surprise at her children.

There is a deepening of color on the boy's face,

and a slight hesitation of manner. He looks up at his mother with eyes so full of love that it is brimming them with tears.

"Why, my son? Why do you like this home best?"

"Because——" The flush on his face is warmer.

"Say it, dear." And Mrs. Lea draws the answer.

"Because you are always with us now!" The tears will not hold back. There comes a half hindered sob, and the boy's face goes down upon his mother's breast.

Was any joy in all that mother's experience so deep and pure as the joy which now rewards her whole being, giving delight even to the very bodily sensations; and there is no power in misfortune to cast a shadow over it.

"You love to have mother with you?"

"Don't we, Florence?" The boy lifts his head, not ashamed of the tears, that shine like dew-beads on his cheeks, and smiles upon his sister.

"Indeed we do," answers bright eyes, with a fuller meaning in her tones than she can express in words; "and I hope we'll always be poor, and never have a nursery any more, to be shut up in, with cross, ugly nurses."

A world of new thoughts come pressing in upon the mind of Mrs. Lea. Scales drop from her eyes. She sees how the true woman in her had been overlaid by fashionable observance. How the mere possession of wealth had deceived her into the false idea that a mother could transfer to a hireling the most sacred of all duties.

"Is the cup so very bitter?" Mrs. Lea is talking with herself, as she sits sewing upon a garment for one of her children. They have left her side, and are at play with themselves. "My friend was right; there is a sweet taste in the water it contains. The bitterness was in me."

A few hours later, coming in from the small chamber, where she has, after hearing their prayers, given her children to the arms of sleep, Mrs. Lea stands by her husband, and lays her hand upon him. He looks up into her face. His own had worn a shadow when he came in, not long before; but it is not shadowed now.

"We have not lost all," he says.

"No, not all. Much is left—much that is priceless in value."

"Love is left—and duty—and God's kingdom, into which we may enter by love and duty." The voice of Mr. Lea trembles a little with its burden of feeling, in this new utterance for him. He has been listening to the clear, yet reverent voices of his children, going up in their evening prayer, and, from the chamber in which they knelt by their mother, he has gone back through nearly forty years, to another chamber, and another mother. The treasure-house of good affections and pious thoughts, well stored in infancy and childhood, is unlocked now. He has gone in among its precious things, and comprehending their value, he says—

"Love is left—and duty—and God's kingdom, into which we may enter by love and duty." It was by misfortune that the key came into his hands. And so, in the loss of worldly treasure, he has found the way to a storehouse of celestial riches.

"When this cup touched my lips,"—It is still later in the evening, and there has been long and earnest communion with the past, the present, and the future. "When this cup touched my lips,"—Mrs. Lea is speaking—"its bitterness made me

shudder; yet, now I can see that it brought me water from a sweet fountain. I am happier tonight than I was one year ago, when no dread of the storm that has swept over us sent a chill to my heart. There is a foundation, dear husband, on which we may build and rest secure, though the floods beat, and the tempests rage."

"Let us build thereon," is answered in low, earnest tones, "a building that shall endure forever."

T. S. A.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### A Caution to Mothers.

It is a very common thing to see mothers and servant girls pushing along over sidewalks the little carriages in which they are giving infants an airing on pleasant days. The practice is a very dangerous one, and is liable to do great and permanent injury to the child. We observe also that carriages are now so constructed that they may be pushed instead of drawn. The position of a child, riding backwards instead of forwards, is an unnatural one, and directly affects the brain of an infant. Some grown persons, even, cannot ride backwards in a railroad car, without experiencing a sense of faintness, and to expect a child to do what a strong adult cannot, is unreasonable, to say the least. It is believed by medical writers, that infants have died from diseases produced by being ridden backwards. We hope mothers will remember this, and impress it on the minds of their servants. Check the first attempt to ride the little innocent backwards, and you will remove one of the causes of congestion and brain fever, to which children are so liable.

### Make Your Daughters Independent.

Not by laying up for them so much of wealth that they shall not be thrown upon their own resources; for, in the changes of life, that is a very uncertain dependence. But, by so educating them to self-reliance and industry, that when you come to leave them without your care, you will feel no anxious fears of their being helpless and dependent. A strong advocate of "woman's right" to do her part in the world, says:—

"We cannot make men without employment; how can we expect to make women? How can a woman who has no aim in life, who lives to no purpose, who has nothing to accomplish, whose hands are idle, whose mind has nothing on which to fix its energies—who, in a word, spends a listless, trifling life,—how can such a woman possess weight

of character, force of mind, or mental worth? When God calls for her stewardship, how can she answer with any honor to herself? It appears to me, that every young woman should aim to be something and do something. Her powers of mind and body should be applied to a good end. Her hands should be set to some useful employment, and made skilful in it. No matter if she is rich. We all understand that a young man has got a part to act in life, whether he is rich or poor. Why should it not be so with a young woman? Idleness is the ruin of her body and mind; employment will give both activity and strength. She will be wiser, better, happier, by being employed in something that will benefit herself and the world."

### Be Mild and Gentle WITH YOUNG CHILDREN.

"A Mother," in one of a series of "Letters to Mothers," now appearing in *Field Notes*, published at Columbus, O., says a great many good and sensible things. We copy below a part of one of these letters, which young mothers should read and ponder:—

"Most persons think it is no matter 'who nurses baby; it can't understand anything;' aye, but it can imitate, and the actions, motions, noises and ways of those about, become as surely impressed upon it to a greater or less degree, as the elements of certain fertilizers are impressed upon the crop grown on the soil. If you wish a noisy, screaming child, hire a noisy, brawling nurse, who talks loud, sings loud, smashes round the house, slams doors, upsets chairs, knocks over the shovel and tongs, and stirs the fire like a pile driver. Your little one will soon become accustomed to all this, and just because he can't understand, will conclude it is a part of life's programme for him, and will expect it accordingly, and be satisfied with nothing else.

"'Mercy, Bridget! don't let Harry pull your bonnet strings so; he'll ruin them,' says mother. 'Indade thin, marm,' answers that functionary,

'however can I help it; he just pulls me all to smithers, the darling.' And away he went over the top of her head into the air, holding on to her bonnet strings, tearing bonnet, combs and almost hair off her head.

"I never hear a mother complaining that she cannot wear a collar or breast-pin, or her own sweet curls, averring that 'baby wont let me,' but I know what is the matter; now is your time; this rowdiness is useless except at stated seasons; then play well, beginning gently and going on, little by little, till every nerve is strengthened and packed with muscle to bear fatigue: but when the play is over, let it be understood by a look or word.

"The injury of this coarseness and rowdiness is far more to be deprecated in its effects upon mental and moral, than upon the physical nature of the child. Little by little as the dew and the sunshine, the falling shower, the fierce wind, the biting frost or the gentle breeze gives strength and beauty, or blight and deformity to the vegetable world, so do the laugh, the talk, the chatter, the play, the act of deception, the cross look, the harsh language, the angry shake, the injudicious petting, or the timely loving caress, all work together to mould your babe for the next stage of its young life. Who shall tell where the bad influence begins, or who shall tell where it will end? Guard then, as you would a choice flower, this sweetest of all blossoms, from all deleterious influences.

"In order to do this you will have a more difficult task to perform than simply, to pay off your nurse and dismiss her. You may be compelled into a settlement with yourself, and you will find that your own habits need reforming, your own nerves steadying, and your own spirit bringing under the curb and bit of self-denial, and self control. Better

far for Bridget or Ann to get into a passion, than for you to do the same thing. The little one may see their rage, but it must feel to the very marrow of its bones, the turbulence and excitement of her who gave it life, and through whose organs that life is still sustained. If you would have a happy, good-tempered child, whose brow would reflect the clear sunshine, keep your own mood peaceful.

"I once knew of a young mother, whose husband was snappish, unkind, and extremely neglectful of her comfort; he came home at mid-day and found his dinner was not quite ready, which angered him, and he spoke very harshly to his wife. She was weary with her morning's work, and in no mood to receive such treatment, it both grieved and offended her, and she answered accordingly—which incensed him still more, and his rude language stirred her into the deepest indignation; as she afterwards told me, 'my blood boiled, and I for once gave him a piece of my mind.' After this, of course she must nurse her babe, her milk was turned to poison, and a fine healthy child was thrown into convulsions, which ended in idiocy, and it lived twelve years, a living rebuke to both parents. Let husbands take heed.

"Another case of extreme fright, fell under my notice, ending in insanity, which lasted over forty years, traceable to no other cause. These, it is true, are extreme cases, but the most fearful results may follow ebullitions of temper, and yet these results not be noticeable for days. All undue excitement, and all extreme weariness, should if possible be avoided. While the nursing days last, to avoid these physical calamities still more strenuously, should the young mother guard herself against mental excitements, lest her example become equally contaminating."

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### "Bound Out."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"There's no other way, Elmira, and there wont be any use in making a fuss about it. You'll have to bind Newman and Doty out."

"Oh, don't, Daniel, don't!" exclaimed mamma, lifting up both her hands, and growing quite white in the face. "Anything in the world but that! I will work my fingers to the bone first; for, you know they are delicate children, and can't stand hard work, and the very thought of such a thing would have broken their father's heart."

"Wall, then, he couldn't have expected anything else, if he left them without a dollar in the world.

Now, Elmira, there's no use in talking round the matter, we must come right down to facts. Here you are, a widow, with two young children on your hands to support. You can't more than make enough with your needle to keep yourself; and, as for the children, what's to be done? I can't afford to have them on my hands in idleness; and I've got half a dozen of my own to care for; and, it's a man's duty to look out for his own flesh and blood first. I've got together what little I have, by hard work, and strict economy, which, if some others I could name had practiced, they'd be better off than they are now. So, all I've got to say, is, that you've al'ays been too tender of your children, and a little hard work will only toughen 'em, and make 'em stout and robust, which they need enough to



he. I saw farmer Ellis last night, and he said he wanted a chore boy that was likely and spry, and Newman's just the boy for him; and Miss Dorman, that lives near the south-west meetin' house, and has half a dozen children, wants a girl to run of errands, and take care of the baby, and do light work. So, here's two good places, right at hand, and we can have the thing nicely settled at once; and, I hope you won't have any squeamish notions about it, for it's the only way you can get your children bread."

Uncle Daniel stood right before mamma as he talked, but he never looked her in the face but once, though her eyes were lifted to his all the time, and her face was full of the strangest changes while he spoke.

I never liked my Uncle Daniel. I always shrank from him, when I was a little child; he has such a coarse, hard face, so unlike my own dear, kind papa's, upon whose grave the tender spring grass has just begun to sprout. I never could understand how my uncle and my father were own brothers. They are so unlike.

Poor mamma! She passed her hand over her eyes, and it shook like the leaves in the window, under the spring winds. Her voice trembled when she spoke, as though a great many sobs lay behind it—

"Daniel, there is no need that you say anything more on this matter. I have, as you know, no roof to shelter my fatherless boy and girl; but, you need not fear, I shall never come to you for a corner, or a crust of bread. I know, too, that, with my frail health, I shall hardly be able to take care of myself, and that it will be useless to attempt to keep my children with me now. I have sold the furniture, and that will defray the funeral expenses; and, I have taken a room, and intend to do what I can at plain sewing. But, I will not see my children bound out to strangers, who will have it in their power to over-work and ill-treat them, so long as I have breath to speak. If farmer Ellis and Mrs. Dorman will take them for awhile, and see how they are suited with the children, and I with their treatment, I will consent; but, to nothing farther. My children shall not be taken from me."

"I'm afraid it'll be hard work to manage that," answered Uncle Daniel. You're so over tender of the children, that you won't see what's for their best good, and——"

"Stop, Daniel!" said mamma, and I almost sprang from my seat, her voice was so strange and stern. "You know in your own soul, that you care no more for your dead brother's children, or what becomes of them, than you do for that dog under your feet. All you want, is to get them off your hands, so that they never cost you a dollar. But, I charge you, in the name of your dead brother, never to dare to wrench his orphan children from their widowed mother—I charge you not to do it,

in the name of that God who will take account of your dealings this day, with the widow and the orphan."

Uncle Daniel turned very red in the face. He cleared his throat twice, and then rose up.

"Wall, Elmira," he said, "if you talk like this, I shant argue the matter farther. I meant what I said for the best; but, as you take it so, let things go your own way;" and he walked straight out of the house.

"Mother, what is it to be bound out?" I said, going to her, and putting my arm around her waist.

She did not answer; she only buried her face in her hands; and oh! what sobs shook to and fro my poor mother!

At last, she grew calmer, and drew me into her lap, and smiled on me—such a sorrowful smile that it went right down into my heart. I whispered to her again—

"What does 'bound out' mean, mamma?"

"It means, my little daughter, being given up to some one, with whom you will live, and who will have all the care of, and control over you."

"Oh, mother! you won't give me up to anybody else, will you?" and I clung to her.

"Never, my little girl—never!" and she hugged me very tight to her heart.

"Oh, dear! dear! I'm so tired, and it's so hard, dragging this great cart, with such a big baby in it, for three whole hours; and, the day so very hot! Mrs. Dorman is cross, too, because I didn't get through with the dishes quicker; but, it's hard for such a little girl as I am to wipe such a great pile of dishes as there was to-day. Then, there isn't one minute's rest, from morning until night, with the beds to make, and the room to sweep, and the table to set, and the great, cross baby, to take care of.

"I try very hard to please Mrs. Dorman, because mamma said I must; and I don't let her know how hard I have to work, or how I lie awake nights, and cry, thinking about the time when papa was alive, and used to take me on his knee, every evening, and call me his 'darling little Doty.'

"It seems an age since I was here, though it's only three months, and mamma said, the last time I was at home—I am working very hard to get a sewing machine; and, as soon as I do, you shall come home to me once more, Doty; so, keep up a brave heart; for, in three months more, I expect to have it."

"How glad I am that I'm not 'bound out!' The three months will get away slowly, and then I can go home to dear mamma—not as I do now, for a Saturday afternoon; but, to stay always!

"There! I declare! that is Mrs. Dorman, standing at the back gate, and beckoning to me. I guess that she thinks I've dragged baby up the road long enough; and, I'm so glad, if I can go in out of this hot sun!

It seems all like a dream, and yet, I know that it's true, and that I'm lying here in mamma's bed, and that she is walking out with Uncle Robert, for he said the night was so still and pleasant, that a little fresh air would do her good!

Oh, to think I'm never going back to Mrs. Dorman's any more! What will Newman say when he comes to learn it all, for Uncle Robert said he should send for him bright and early to-morrow morning; and mamma said that farmer Ellis was a hard, grinding sort of man, who, though he wouldn't actually abuse the boy, made him work early and late, for his board.

Mrs. Dorman was quite provoked—I saw that when I got up to the gate. "There," said she "your mother's sent for you to come straight home, for you've got company from a great ways off that wants to see you.

"Jest comb up your hair, and put on your white apron. I don't know what I'm to do about gettin' supper, and this is ironin' day too. When folks let girls out to work, it's a pretty piece of business to send for 'em after this fashion; but I s'pose you'll have to go, and mind you don't stay any longer than you can help."

I was not long in getting off, and I ran almost all the way home, though it is a mile and a half, wondering what had happened. Mamma sat at the door, with a face so full of smiles, that she looked like her old self.

"Oh, mamma, what is it?" I said.

"Guess who has come, my little girl?"

"Before I could answer, a tall gentleman came to the door, and caught me right up in his arms.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Charlotte Morgan, but they call me 'Doty,' sir."

"Don't you know who it is?" asked mamma, as the gentleman seated me on his knee.

I looked in his face; he had dark hair and a thick beard, and he was sunburnt, but he had such a pleasant smile!

"It's your Uncle Robert; your mother's only brother, who held you just so on his knee, Doty, when you were a little baby; and he's just returned from California, where I thought he had died!"

"Come, Doty, kiss me, with those little cherry lips of yours," said my uncle.

And I put my arms around his neck and kissed him over and over. And then he asked me all about Mrs. Dorman, and I told him all I had kept back from mamma—how cross she was, and how hard I had to work, for such a little girl. Mamma cried while I talked, and the tears came into Uncle Robert's eyes.

"Oh, Elmira," he said, "if I had known this before, or that your husband was dead, I should have hurried off sooner. It is inexplicable that none of my letters reached you."

"Well, Doty, you shall never go back to Mrs. Dorman's any more," said mamma.

"No, you shant," added Uncle Robert, bringing down his hand on the table. "I've made a few thousands, Elmira, and I've nobody to share it with, but you and your children."

And a great mountain seemed to drop right off from my heart. And in a little while Uncle Robert said,

"I can't breathe free, Elmira, until I've expressed my mind to your husband's brother, Daniel Morgan. I want you to send for him at once, so that I can have that pleasure. I wont say but a few words."

"I'll ask Mrs. Mansfield, who owns this house, to let Johnnie go; but you'll promise me, Robert, that you wont get too indignant. I remember how little you could stand abuse of anything when you were a boy!"

"Don't be frightened, Elmira. I'll look out for myself."

Uncle Daniel did not get over for about two hours; and mamma passed it telling Uncle Robert all about papa's death, and what followed; and when she related her conversation with Uncle Daniel, about our being bound out, he just sprang off his chair. "The old villain!" he said.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and Uncle Daniel walked in. Mamma introduced him to her brother.

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Strong," said Uncle Daniel, putting out his hand.

Uncle Robert did not observe it.

"And I am very happy, sir," he said, "that you have afforded me this opportunity of telling you that you have acted like a scoundrel, to my sister and her orphan children."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Uncle Daniel, very red with anger.

"I mean, sir, that that man, who, with hundreds of acres, and thousands of dollars at his disposal, could have the heart to see two delicate children, like that one," pointing to me, "bound out to hard labor, and their frail, helpless mother, stitching away her life, to get bread to keep it in her body—the man who could do that, I say, and not lift a hand to help them out of his abundance, is, I think, fully deserving the name of scoundrel."

"I didn't come here to be insulted," said Uncle Daniel, and his face was as white now, as it was red before, and he walked towards the door.

"And I didn't send for you with any such intention, only to tell you the plain, straightforward truth, for which you, not I, are responsible; and also, that you wouldn't have lost anything, by being a little generous to my sister and her children. I would have paid you all that it cost you."

Uncle Daniel looked crestfallen enough; he stammered out something which I couldn't hear, and then he left.

"It will do him good," said Uncle Robert, as the door closed.

"I think it will," answered mamma. "Nothing

else, but just such blunt truths, would have reached him." Then she put her arms around her brother's neck. "Oh, Robert, you don't know how good it seems to see your dear, dear face again, and to feel that I, and my children, are not all alone in the world!"

"You shall not be, while they and I draw breath, Elmira. Come now, let's cheer up, and have a good supper. There's a ten dollar gold piece to buy it," slipping the money into mamma's palm, and then my uncle lifted me in his arms to the wall, just as papa used to do.

Mamma went to the store and ordered a heap of

nice things, and Uncle Robert told me some funny stories about California, and at last we sat down to the best supper in the world—it seemed so to me, anyhow!

It was so late, and a ride of five miles over to farmer Ellis's house, so mamma concluded that we had better wait until morning before we sent for Newman. What will he say when he comes! Oh, I lie here in mamma's bed, a glad and happy girl to-night; and I thank God that He has sent to us, our dear, kind uncle—Robert Strong—and that I shall never again fear being "bound out!"

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

**BROWNED HASH OF CORNED BEEF.**—Heat the hash in a kettle, and mix through it two tablespoonfuls of sweet butter, and seasoning to suit; add a spoonful of water only. Have two tablespoonfuls of melted butter boiling in the spider, turn it up and around, that the butter may touch the whole surface of the spider. Put in the hash, press it tightly, and keep it cooking gently without burning. Run a knife under it now and then, to see that it is not scorching. When browned, place a platter over the spider, and turn it out without breaking. It will need two persons to dish it; one to hold the platter firmly on the spider, and the other to turn it out.

**WAFFLES.**—To one quart of sweet milk and one cup of sweet cream add two well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful soda, and flour sufficient to make a thick batter. If buttered when taken hot from the irons and eaten with honey, they are delicious. I like, however, exceedingly well a sauce made of sweet milk and butter boiled together.

**GINGER BISCUITS.**—Take 3 oz. fresh butter, 2 lb. flour, 3 oz. powdered sugar and 2 oz. ginger finely powdered; knead these ingredients into a stiff paste with new milk. Roll it thin, stamp out the biscuits with a cutter, and bake them in a slow oven until they are crisp through, but keep them of a pale color.

**TO STEW PEARS.**—To every pound of pears when peeled, put half a pound of loaf sugar. Put the fruit into a stew pan and cover it with cold water, and shut the lid quite close. Stew the fruit gently till tender, then add a few lumps of the sugar. After stewing the pears two or three hours, put in the cloves—twenty cloves to six or eight pounds of fruit—and the peel of two lemons. Keep adding the sugar by degrees. If the syrup is much wasted add a little more hot water. They require stewing

about ten hours very gently. When they are nearly done add the juice of both lemons—it will add to their flavor and brighten the syrup.

**ABOUT CORNED BEEF.**—"Martha," a correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, makes the following sensible and practical suggestions about "corned beef":—

Corned beef, properly salted, and cooked as it should be, is a dish fit for the sovereign people; but to eat salt junk, such as too often exercises the muscles of the jaws, is a penance even for a malefactor. Most of the meat put up for winter use is spoiled by the use of too much salt, which destroys the flavor and makes the meat stringy and tough. When beef is fresh it contains considerable blood, which is drawn out by the brine. If the meat is left in this bloody mixture, it will require a much larger quantity of salt to preserve it, particularly through warm weather. My plan is, to make a brine by using for every hundred pounds of beef, five pounds of salt, one-fourth of an ounce of saltpetre, and one pound of brown sugar. This is dissolved in just enough water to cover the meat, and poured upon it. When it has been in this brine two weeks, I take out the meat, let it drain, pour a fresh brine over it, and then it will be good, the season through.

The cook who uses corned beef should not be so ignorant or so indolent as to delay putting it over the fire until an hour before dinner. A good sized piece requires three or four hours steady boiling to do it justice. Insufficient boiling must be made up for by extra chewing. Always have the water boiling when the meat is dropped in; otherwise the sweetness will all be drawn out into the water. A boiling heat hardens the outer surface at once, and thus keeps in the juices which give richness, and which contain most of the nourishment. An excellent way of cooking corned beef is, to have a large boiler, with a wire or wooden rack on the

bottom for the meat to rest on, over the water. When the water boils, place the meat upon the rack, and put on the cover of the boiler, with a cloth over it to keep in the steam. The heat of the steam will rise above the boiling point, and penetrate the meat, and cook it more quickly and better than could be done by boiling.

**HINTS TO FAMILIES.**—It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. Charcoal ground to powder will be found a very good thing to give knives a first-rate polish. A bonnet and trimmings may be worn a much longer time if the dust be brushed well off after walking. Much knowledge may be obtained by the good housewife observing how things are managed in well regulated families. Apples intended for dumplings should not have the core taken out of them, as the pips impart a delicious flavor to the dumpling. A rice pudding is most excellent without either eggs or sugar, if baked gently; it keeps better without eggs. "Wifeful waste makes woful want." Do not cook a fresh joint whilst any of the last remains uneaten—hash it up, and with gravy and a little management eke out another day's dinner. Thick curtains closely drawn around the bed are very injurious, because they not only confine the effluvia thrown off from our bodies whilst in bed, but interrupt the current of pure air. Regularity in the payment of accounts is essential to housekeeping. All tradesmen's bills should be paid weekly, for then any errors can be detected whilst the transactions are fresh in the memory. Allowing children to talk incessantly is a mistaken indulgence; we do not mean to say that they should be restricted from talking in proper seasons, but they should be taught to know when it would be proper to cease.

**TO CLEAN HEAD AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.**—Put a tablespoonful of pearlash into a pint of boiling water. Having fastened a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush with it. Next pour over it some clean hot water, and put it aside for a short time; then drain and wipe it with a cloth, and dry it before the fire.

**APPLE EGG PUDDING.**—Beat an egg well, then add a gill of water or milk, seven tablespoonfuls of flour, and a saltspoonful of salt; mix well together. Pare and cut into pieces three apples; stir them into the batter. Boil it in a cloth an hour and a quarter; if in a basin a little longer. Eat with melted butter flavored with lemon.

**MOCK APPLE PIE.**—One teacup of bread crumbs; two of water; one and a half of sugar; one teaspoonful tartaric acid; a little salt; cinnamon or extract of lemon. Boil five minutes, then pour boiling hot into pie plates lined with paste, cover with the same and bake immediately. They should be eaten the same day, as they will not keep well.

**BREAD PIE.**—Soak light bread in hot water, make it quite thin, add a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut for each pie, have ready your plates lined with paste and put it in a half inch thick, sprinkle over each pie a teaspoonful tartaric acid and two-thirds teacup sugar. Flavor with nutmeg.

**GINGER BEER QUICKLY MADE.**—A gallon of boiling water is poured over three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, one ounce of ginger, and the peel of one lemon; when milk warm, the juice of the lemon and a spoonful of yeast are added. It should be made in the evening, and bottled next morning in stone bottles, and the cork tied down with twine.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### Fresh Air.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes his bed-chamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius, in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's ever flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleeps under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh, and vigor-

ous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the heaven, their lungs are never out of order; and this we know by daily repetition of the song. Look at the new-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have a turkey full eight years old, that has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry tree, and always is in the prime health the year through. Three fowls, preferring this to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest on the dewy mountain top. I myself can sleep all

night long bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an over-heated room to a cold apartment, but, there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.

### The Power of Heartly Laughter.

The following incident, says the New Haven Palladium, comes to us thoroughly authenticated, although we are not at liberty to publish any names:—A short time since, two individuals in this city were lying in one room, very sick; one with brain fever, and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low, that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to take the medicine. In the course of the night, both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body, except his arms; but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakening both the nurse and fever patient. The incident struck both the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed most heartily at it for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning, he found his patients vastly improved—said he had never known so sudden a turn for the better—and they are now both out and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicines?

### Hints to Public Speakers.

From "Health and Disease, A Book for the People," by Dr. W. W. Hall, of New York, Editor of the Journal of Health, we make the following selection, which is commended to the attention of all public speakers:—

"Public speakers, singers, auctioneers, etc., often bring on fatal diseases by the improper exercise of the vocal organs, and failing to protect them from cold immediately after. If a man speaks or sings in the air, or even in a house, where there is a current of air passing him, there are two causes of danger in operation. It requires more effort to speak in the open air, or in a draught, as in the hall, or passage, or stairway of a building; that effort debilitates the voice-organs sooner than he is aware, and with that effort and debility, there is

unnatural heat, while the current of air is constantly conveying the heat away from the body, depriving it of its natural amount, leaving the speaker or singer in the end weakened, exhausted, and, if not really chilled, soon becomes so after ceasing the exercise. In all public speaking, there is considerable muscular exertion, and always mental and bodily fatigue—sometimes almost exhaustion. The body perspires freely; it is not unfrequently that the inner garment is wet with perspiration. In this condition, the body is chilled by very slight exposures; a very little wind, especially if the person stands still, or rides on horseback, or in a carriage, where there is no opportunity of muscular motion, is sufficient to bring on disease. To neglect the following precautions, after exercising the vocal organs in a company, congregation, or other collection of persons, either in a parlor, public building, or in the open air, is suicidal. As soon as the exercises cease, put on an additional garment—shawl, coat, cloak or hat—and before leaving the building, especially in fire-time of year, bundle up well, put on gloves, close the mouth, pass out and walk on quickly. When the weather is decidedly cold, or damp, or windy, it is important to remain in the house five or ten minutes after exercise, so as to allow the body to part with some of its heat, and the perspiration to subside or evaporate. The object of walking is to keep the blood in circulation, and prevent a feeling of chilliness. The mouth should be kept closed, so that the cold air shall not pass directly to the throat and voice-organs, but shall be sent through the nose and head, around to the throat and lungs, thus allowing it to get a little warmed in its circuitous route, before it reaches the delicate organs of voice. Valuable lives and good men would be saved every year by attention to these things. If a person feels the necessity of talking as he passes homeward, or if he finds he cannot walk fast enough to keep himself warm with the mouth closed, then hold a handkerchief in one hand, and place it over the nose and open mouth, not very closely, but so as to leave a little chamber for the mingling of the cold air from without with the warm air just passed. It may surprise any one to notice how much longer he may be kept warm in walking this way, than if he talked freely without the above application. We knew a small, frail-looking clergyman, one who preached every night for weeks, if not months, together, and often in the day, in winter, in a densely crowded assembly, and yet, with the above precaution, never had even the slightest hoarseness. He was careful, however, as to another point; he always went to church and returned on foot and alone, so that there could be no temptation to neglect. The late Dr. Miller, that venerable and aged divine, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary of Princeton, New Jersey, while leaving his house to go to the Seminary, in company with our brother, then a theological



student, asked permission of him, on leaving his house, that he should be excused from 'talking on the way,' and at the same time placed a handkerchief before his face, as above described, which he did not remove until he entered the threshold of the seminary. The former clergyman especially avoided going with ladies, having found it sometimes prevented him from walking fast enough to keep him sufficiently warm. These may seem to some trifling things, and an insufferable bother to attend to so many small matters; but, nothing is trifling which saves human life, or averts years of sickness or suffering. The life of a single earnest worker in the ministry, fit for his place by education, piety, and a prudent mind, is worth more to the great world at large than the lives of a dozen senators, governors, or presidents. It is by the labors of such men that civilized governments stand. They 'are the salt of the earth; its preservative power.' As a President General once said to the writer—'Without religion, this government cannot stand; we cannot do without churches.'"

The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

## Pure Air a Medicine.

On one occasion, an English family became ill in mid-winter. Medical advice was obtained, and the usual remedies applied for a long time, without producing any marked favorable change. All the physicians who heard of the circumstances, were greatly puzzled to explain the case satisfactorily, even to themselves. At length, a pane of glass was accidentally broken in the only room of the house, and the inmates were so much taken up with their troubles, that it was either not noticed, or there was not time, or disposition, or ability to repair the damage. All at once, however, the sick began to improve; the doctor's eyes were simultaneously opened a little wider, and he gave orders to let the window alone, with the result that in a short time every member was entirely well.

Let every invalid who is a "fraid as death" of a puff of pure air, bear this suggestive incident in wise remembrance, the balance of his days; or, if an open door or window is not practicable, at least keep open the fire-place, and either have a little fire in it, or a liberal lamp or a brisk jet of gas burning in it; this causes a draft up the chimney, and is a safe, easy, and efficient way of ventilating any sick room; a ventilation which would save valuable lives, in multitudes of instances.

## TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

### THE GARIBALDI SHIRT.

Conspicuous among the Parisian novelties of the season, and to all appearances destined to produce a change amounting to revolution in ladies' costume, is the Garibaldi shirt (of which we give an engraving), which can be had in printed flannel, merino, muslin de laine, printed cambric, foulard, or pique. In shape and pattern it is made in the same way as a gentleman's shirt, with plaits, in front, extending just below the waist, full sleeve, small collar, and cuffs to turn down, corresponding with the collar, all being of one material; the ends are left so as to go underneath the dress skirt, and are long enough to allow of the shirt hanging over in bag fashion all round, producing an easy and graceful effect. It is the prettiest and most elegant garment that a lady can put on for morning, breakfast, or demi-toilette, and is already said to be in great demand in London and Paris.

### CLOAK.

The cloak we give this month is made with diverging plaits from the waist. These plaits, five in number, are banded in passementerie, which

matches in style with that on the shoulder. The material varies with the choice of the wearer. Instead of wings or sleeves there are slits in the circular front for the arms.

### MORNING JACKET.

The extreme comfort, as well as the tasteful appearance of the jacket for morning costume, continues to keep it as a favorite of fashion not soon to be displaced. Its form may undergo changes and modifications, but the article itself has become a sort of standard in every wardrobe. One of the prettiest of the fashions now in preparation is a small jacket made of fine black cloth, ornamented with a pattern in steel beads.

### NETTED WINDOW-CURTAINS.

One of the most useful productions of the Work-Table is the elegant window-curtain that can be formed of the union of netting and darning; and one of the prettiest forms of this article is arranged in stripes of rather fine netting, ornamented with a pattern in darning alternated with other stripes of fancy netting.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### TAKING THE WORLD AS WE FIND IT.

At the best it is a hard, soul-trying, dreadfully gone-out-of-the-way sort of world! It requires a great deal of moral courage and philosophy, to look it straight in the face; and to meet the great pressure of its cares and burdens, its crosses and disappointments, with any spirit at all; and yet, dear reader, if you expect to slip along through the bewildering cross-roads—through the tangles and thickets that are scattered all along the road of your life, you must just make up your mind, not to expect too much of the world, to take it as you find it!

In the first place, we have no right to expect that the world will be any better friend to us, than we are to it. Thousands make a mistake here. They demand of the world unlimited admiration, undying friendship, the keenest appreciation, the tenderest sympathy, and are amazed and outraged if they do not receive it.

Not that this class of people number many of those who are the world's greatest benefactors, who are even willing to judge themselves by the same rule which they do their fellow men; on the contrary, the greatest gossips we ever knew, and those who most mercilessly, and maliciously pulled to pieces the character, the lives, and the motives of neighbor and acquaintance, were the most scrupulously exacting, the most morbidly sensitive, regarding any liberty which others might take in speaking of themselves. They claimed of the world the highest consideration, the imputation of only the best and most generous motives; and entire blindness to all their defects and faults.

Never, oh, my reader! expect that everybody will speak well of you; of course they won't! You must take the world as you find it, and expect that a good many people will really be glad and rejoice over any trial or misfortune which may happen to you; not that they would acknowledge this to themselves, for a moment. There are very few people who will look evil straight in the face, and say, "That is the wrong; I love it, and will do it."

But we have known persons with elongated faces and solemn tones, express sympathy and pity for others, when we knew they were in their hearts glad of the misfortune which had happened to them. There are few people so high and secure in life, that they are not vulnerable at some point—that they have not some trials and mortifications, and no matter how limited may be the sphere of your observation, you will find too many who are glad to pull others down that they may exalt themselves.

Again, oh, my reader, you must expect care and disappointment, the daily wear, and jar, and fret which we pay for living in this world, and if we would have any peace of mind, any content, or quiet, we must make up our mind to take what

comes, and bear it bravely, and not be crossed and soured because of disturbance and discomfort. Don't walk in the muggy atmosphere of your petty anxieties and worries. Just make up your mind calmly, and sensibly, that as they are indigenous to the world of which you are a part, and in which you live, that you will meet them with a brave, cheerful spirit, and nine-tenths of their sting will be gone!

Don't dwell upon, and brood over your worries. They are there—you can't get rid of them till you lay them down under that low roof whose walls are the summer grasses; and isn't it reason, isn't it good sense, to turn your eyes from the "moral dunghills and pigsties," to all the beauty and promise of the landscape of your life!

No person of generous instincts and noble heart, can get through life without being tortured and harrowed by the sorrows of others. There is so much that is wrong in the world. Selfishness and malice, envy and jealousy, power and money triumph so often over right and truth; the weak are so often oppressed, and the wicked so often prosper for a season, that, while we should in nowise relax our efforts to right the wrong so far as we can, still it is not best to lose hope and faith because of these things, and to fall slowly into despondency and despair. The Arm has never faltered which guides the helm of this world. Good is mightier than evil. God is greater than Satan!

So, reader, we must take things as we find them. Wrong, hatred, meanness, and falsehood, all these we must sometimes run against. They are in the world, and we must take it as we find it!

Storms of indignation too must sometimes go over us, at the faithlessness and treachery of others. Very few of us have so good a knowledge of all the windings, and cross-purposes of human nature, that we shall not sometimes be startlingly deceived in those we have trusted!

Then we must not ask too much of the world. In one sense, it isn't half so rich as we imagine. In the great white lap of its mighty oceans there lies no land of delight, no place of perfect rest and happiness!

And, dear reader, while we must not expect too much of this stumbling, disarranged, out-of-tune sin-hampered old world, we can do a little something for it. We can soothe some of its sorrows, scatter some light among its dark places, and cause some fair and sweet flowers to bloom among its clefts!

Let us do what we can, and the world will reward us; for though we cannot sit down and ask it to give us great happiness, nor pleasures that will not pall, still we can find serenity, peace, joy, even in this world. In daily work, in a natural employment and cultivation of every talent and taste we possess, in small doing good, in a cheerful, steady

looking to the bright side of life, we shall find that living in the world is a very bright and pleasant thing for a part of the time at least.

For the rest—for the wrong that we cannot right, the suffering we cannot remove, let us leave it with God. He who made the world can take care of it.

Far above the jar and discordance of time roll the sweet, eternal harmonies, far above the wail and the cries of this world, roll the joyful harmony of Heaven.

So far had we written, and then we turned and looked out of the open window near which we sit.

It is a beautiful, a perfect, and regal day in the autumn, dear reader, one of those which draws us into tender sympathy, and deeper recognition of its true spirit and mission than any day of the year. Overhead is a deep blue sky, that fairly dazzles us with the floods of light which the sun pours upon it. Over that sky are scattered a few white clouds like great silver blossoms bursting out from the blue soil.

The trees are at play with the soft spicy breezes, and they stand like green tents with no yellow or crimson seams amongst them. The sunflowers have turned their golden faces to the light, the richest shades of the grass are brought out by the bright lights and deep shadows. How beautiful it is, we cannot tell you, dear reader! It is a world to rejoice in, to fall in love with to day, and we take it, with a blessing, as we find it! V. F. T.

#### WHAT IS IT?

Yes, what is it, reader? Your work in life, because wherever your bounds are set you have some work to do, some service to render, for which God has especially appointed and fitted you.

Another first thing is to find out the work to which you are adapted, and then set about it with a brave heart, and steady purpose.

Very few of us have anything great or heroic to accomplish in life, though a great many set out with the conviction that they are geniuses, a mistake which time generally refutes; but it is every one's duty to cultivate themselves in the direction which their tastes and faculties indicate, always provided, it be a normal, healthful, and useful one.

And don't fall into the great mistake, my dear reader, of believing that you are doing nothing, because that your orbit is a narrow one, or the sphere of your labors lies within your own home. The wife and mother who by energetic tidiness and thrift orders her household, is obeying the great lesson which He has set her, who leads the stars through their pathways, and calls them by name. Promptness, industry, and executive force rightfully employed, all tend to make one better and happier.

God never gave us our faculties to lie still and rust, but to use and rejoice in, and in gratitude to the Giver we ought to make the most of them.

And now let us seek to know "what is our work." And having found out let us set straight about it, and do what we can; for the night is not far off, to those who have the longest day before them; and having seen *His* star in the east, let us bring our gifts to His feet—the spikenard and the myrrh of loving and obedient souls. V. F. T.

#### OUR DUTY.

No individual, however humble or apparently un-influential, can, in this crisis, stand aloof from the conflict, and be innocent before God. All cannot go into the field and take part in deadly battle, meeting face to face the enemies of civilization and Christianity, and holding life as nothing in comparison to the great principles of human progress and development now so fearfully imperilled. But all can, in some way, give strength to the right cause; if not in deed, then in word. And who shall limit the power of true words fitly spoken? Behind all action, lie true or false sentiments; and they gain power in utterance. Behind this gigantic rebellion now desolating our country, stands a system of false assertion which hundreds of thousands blindly accept as truth, and, acting therefrom, become ministers of evil. To resist effectually, and utterly destroy this rebellion, we must act as one man. Just so long as we have among us those who do not comprehend the great issues involved, and who, in consequence, are lukewarm and doubting, or who call for peace with an enemy at the gate, will there be an element of weakness in our midst. The more we have of such, the weaker will we find ourselves. They are enemies within our camp—though we may not charge upon them all the guilt of declared enemies—and their presence can only prolong the conflict and make it the more deadly on both sides.

If, then, you cannot go to the field of battle, do not fail to speak out boldly for the right. Be for your country in its integrity, and for the submission of all to the supreme law of the land, no matter what may be the cost. Accept of any sacrifice or privation—lay your most precious things on the altar of patriotism—but never falter, never hold back, never give place to doubt. Take up the battle cry of "God and our country," and send it penning onward. It will put life and hope into some failing heart, or find an echo from some lips that else would have been silent. None are so feeble that they may not speak for their country. But, speak understandingly, not vaguely, nor with passionate denunciation. Study the Constitution. Read the addresses of our leading statesmen and best thinkers, on the present crisis—Seward, Motley, Everett, Holt, Andrew Johnson, Dickinson, and others. These will give you weapons of offence and defence, and enable you to strengthen the weak, enlighten the ignorant, and silence the cavilling.

Trust the government. It is the bulwark of our

safety; the representative of the nation's power; the hands and arms by which we work and fight—under God, our only hope.

Do not grow impatient, nor give place to fear touching the final result. As surely as the sun shines, will this wickedest rebellion the world has ever seen—the wickedest, because against the best and most prosperous government, and for the worst of ends—be crushed out, and not a star be lost from our flag. We may have to wade through a sea of blood, for our enemies are strong, resolute, and malignant; we may have to mourn over disaster; the cry of bereavement may go up from nearly every home in the land—but, the end will be victory. As a nation, we have not been true to our high destiny, and now we are in the refiner's furnace. But, when the flames subside, there will be found gold at the bottom of the crucible.

### THE MOTHERS OF TO-DAY.

The spectacle presented in our country to-day, in one of its aspects, is sublime. Sitting in her peaceful home, with her children safe around her, or abroad under the sure protection of just laws, our American mother has mused wonderingly over that heroism of Revolutionary times which armed the son, and sent him forth, to fight in the battles of his country. Admiration filled her heart—there was something saintly in the words, "Our Revolutionary Mothers." But, she did not feel strong enough for a like trial. The bare idea of a war, in which her son would be called forth, sent a shiver through her heart.

But, how is it now? Where stands the mother to-day? Is she holding back her jewels?—is she hiding her precious things? Not so, but giving them freely to her country. It is wonderful how quickly she has risen to the sublime self-abnegation demanded by the times—how calmly, yet resolutely, she binds his armor upon her boy, and sends him forth with prayer and blessing.

There are few homes from which has not gone out a son, and few of these in which a reluctant heart is left behind. Our mothers are equal to their high duty, and strong enough for any sacrifice their country, in this hour of its trial, may demand. Life is dear; but honor, and duty, and the destiny of unborn millions, are dearer still. Brave mothers make invincible sons. Has the world seen braver mothers than to-day, all over our land, look afar to camp and army, praying first for victory, and next for the safety of their beloved ones?

### THE GRAVE OF A WOMAN.

A writer speaks thus of his thoughts and feeling at a woman's grave:—

I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of calm indifference; but, when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman, I associate every soft,

tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave, to which she must soon descend. There is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises her soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind—to soothe his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support; and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but, the meek and unobtrusive excellences of the other, sleep with her, unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet, with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

### CONTENTMENT.

Says old Jeremy Taylor, "Is that animal better, that bath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee, that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of Heaven, clouds, and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?"

### IN THE WEST.

I have worn the bright anointing  
Of thy sunshine on my brow;  
All the hours of God's appointing.  
Take, sweet day, my farewell now,  
In the West.

Thou hast poured from golden vessels  
O'er the earth, thine autumn wine,  
And thy path has dropped with blessings,  
And thy last lights softly shine  
In the West.

Thou hast walked a monarch regal,  
From the white stairs of the dawn,  
To the doors of that cathedral  
Which the clouds have builded strong  
In the West.

Dost thou hear God's "Well-done," tolling  
Out thy curfew, autumn day?  
With the night's black garments, rolling  
Round thy shining face for aye,  
In the West?

Thou hast rendered service fitting;  
Take thy sacrament and sleep,  
As the little children, smiling,  
Fall to slumbers soft and deep,  
In the West.

And, may God grant that my life's day  
Shall pass down as sweet and calm,  
As thou goest on thy last way,  
And for mine the angel's psalm,  
In the West.

V. F. T.

## STEP-MOTHERS.

She is a brave woman who assumes the office of step-mother. If she be as good as brave, a saintly purity must in time invest her character. She will have trials and temptations, and stand in sore need of that strength which comes only from above; she will be misjudged and misrepresented; and often her worst enemies will be those of her own household. But, if she ever stand firm to principle, doing her duty in the sight of God rather than man, she will surely see the day when those who held her in light esteem, and saw only evil in her good, will bear testimony to her virtues, and give love instead of hardness and dislike.

In "Nothing but Money," a step-mother of the worst class is introduced, in order to work out with true effect the moral we desired to enforce. A correspondent, who is a step-mother, writes in regard to this character:—"Every chapter of your story lately has been a stroke of pain to me. I must read it as by a kind of fascination, but why will you join with all the rest in making a step-mother little less than a human fiend." \* \* \*

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, am I not a step-mother? and the Judge of all hearts knows I am trying to be a good one."

As a good step-mother, our correspondent should not have permitted our portrait of the fiendish Mrs. Guy, to stir a single painful throb. No reflection upon the class was meant or involved. There are bad mothers and fathers, as well as bad step-mothers and step-fathers, and the novelist makes his characters good or bad in view of the lesson he would teach, without meaning to cast a shadow over any class of men or women. Let our correspondent's own life among the children of her loving adoption be her own all-sufficient advocate to the world; and a consciousness of duty done, bring her that peace of mind which no false judgments, if any will make them, can disturb.

The step-mother's difficult position is well stated in an article communicated for this number of the Home Magazine. Let all read it.

We have received from the publisher, Jas. D. Torrey, of New York, five numbers of a serial publication, entitled, "A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion, and consecutive Narrative of Events and Incidents, from the first stage of the Treason against the Republic, down to the close of the conflict; together with important Documents, Extracts from Remarkable Speeches, &c., &c." This record, as far as it goes, seems to have been made with care and labor. In the rapid changes of passing events, and the new and extraordinary phases assumed, much that it is important to remember, fades from the mind. This makes a publication like this one before us of great value and interest. It is continued weekly, and will embrace a complete history of the times. Something of this kind is a necessity to every person who

wishes to keep himself well posted in current history, and to be able to refer conveniently to its important documents, facts, incidents, &c. The author is an uncompromising friend of the Union, and seems to us to be performing his task with fidelity, judgment and ability.

## ONLY A PICTURE.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

Only a picture: a wreath of gold,  
Has circled it 'round with its dainty clasp,  
And the crimson velvet with loving grasp,  
Has pressed close to it, its soft warm fold.

Only a picture: a sweet, bright face,  
Looks into mine with its tender eyes,  
(Eyes filled with the starlight of summer skies),  
That smile from their quiet resting place.

Only a picture: a rose-red mouth,  
Rippled with smiles that are ever at play,  
O'er the face-like waters in sunny day,  
Dimpled by winds from the fragrant south.

Only a picture: a brow as white  
As a drift of snow-clouds, or lily's cup,  
Where the scarlet flushes lighten it up,  
Like twilight's crimson, on day's pearl light.

Only a picture: 'twas given to me,  
When the wind-waves tossed the billows of leaves,  
And shivered the moss on the time-worn eaves,  
Like long weeds washed by the waves of the sea.

The roses crept with their pink flush of buds,  
Up to the woodbine's gold, scarlet and white,  
And the lowly dewdrops, sparkling and bright,  
Were set in earth's breast like diamond studs.

Only a picture: I kiss it in vain  
With passionate fondness; the sweet lips are cold,  
They rain not caresses more precious than gold,  
Over my face with a warm, loving rain.

Only a picture: my hot tears flow,  
Over the features so silent and still,  
(Tis well that such sorrows never can kill,  
Though the heart is as frozen as snow.)

Only a picture: and yet to me,  
All the treasures of earth and of air,  
And ocean's jewels, so costly and rare,  
One half so precious could never be.

## NEW MUSIC.

We have, from Lee & Walker, a new patriotic song, entitled "The Banner of the Sea," dedicated to the gallant officers and tars of the United States Navy. The words are by D. Brainard Williamson, and the music by George W. Hewitt. The sentiments of the song are stirring and eloquent, and the music full of expression. We hope to see it become a favorite.

"ACCIDENT does very little towards the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called 'a happy hit' may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application, is the only safe road to travel."



**EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON THE SICK.**

Florence Nightingale has the following:—The effect of music on the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact its expensiveness, as it is now, makes any general application of it out of the question. I will only remark here that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficial effect—while the piano-forte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, have just the reverse. The finest piano-forte playing will damage the sick, while an air like "Home sweet Home," or "Assisaa al pic d'un salice," on the most ordinary grinding organ, will sensibly soothe them—and this is quite independent of association.

**BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.**

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti:

The banks of coral on which my divers were made, are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth.

On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes that the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear, that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places on these banks, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep winding avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

The fish which inhabit those silver banks, I found as different in kind, as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby, to the globe-like sun-fish; from those of the dulcist hue, to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled a bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks, would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more space than my limits will allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical sea can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, star-fish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovel-nose sharks, were often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub. The only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were ribbon fish, from four to five inches to three feet in length. Their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of the frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard, from three to ten feet long. They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the ova till it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds.

**"When in Death I Shall Calmly Recline."**

This engraving was designed to illustrate a poem by Moore, "The Legacy," beginning with the words:—

"When in death I shall calmly recline,  
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear."

**HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1862.**

On the cover of this number, will be found our Prospectus for next year. As times are, we cannot expect to hold the wide circulation to which our Magazine has attained; but we hope still to be welcomed to a very large number of homes, and to come to thoughtful and earnest minds with strength, comfort, and incentive to right action under all circumstances. Taking the purpose and character of the Home Magazine, we may fairly urge upon its friends the good to be accomplished in its circulation; and we trust that none of those who have heretofore taken a warm interest in its favor, will relax their efforts now.

In the January number, a new serial by Miss Townsend will be commenced, and also one by Mr. Arthur. Miss Townsend's serial will embrace the Revolutionary period of our history, and we may fairly expect from her pen a story of intense interest.

As heretofore, the leading object of the Home Magazine, which is to give, in attractive literary forms, the purest and best moral lessons, will be steadily kept in view. Its reading matter will be of the most elevated character; yet, always tempered by the graces of fancy and feeling.

As a simple work of literature, in a special field, the themes included in our range of articles have been moral rather than civil; yet, in a great crisis like the present, it is due to the right that we indicate, in words not to be misunderstood, where the Home Magazine stands. *It stands on the side of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws at all costs.* It regards this government as the best the world has seen, and the rebellion instituted for its destruction as originating in the wicked ambition of a few men, who, by

a gigantic system of fraud and falsehood, have over- ridden or deceived the masses. It is opposed to all compromises with treason, and in favor of no peace that is not based on an unconditional obedience to the supreme law of the land. Anything less than this, will be delusive, and leave the nation exposed to new and more deadly assaults. A separation of these states would be the beginning of calamities beyond measure more direful and permanent than any we are encountering. Of the two elements now in antagonism, one or the other must be destroyed. It is the old struggle between freedom and despotism—between the right of self-government as residing in the people themselves, and the strong assertion of aristocratic and monarchical rule. There is for us, therefore, but one way of safety; and, along this way the nation must go, sternly and uncompromisingly, to the end.


The questions involved are neither sectional nor political. They touch our very existence. Millions of parrioidal hands are striking at the nation's heart, and we must paralyze them, or we are lost. Dissolve this Union, and of all people, we shall be most miserable. There will remain for us generations of bloody war. We will by that act place weapons in the hands of freedom's enemies, and give over this, which has been the peaceful- est of all lands, to long years of deadly strife, ruin and desolation. Such being the great issue, it is the duty of all who love their country, to declare allegiance, and, no matter how feeble or uninfluential, to stand up in defence of her honor and safety.

#### A NEW SERIAL BY MISS TOWNSEND.

In the January number of the Home Magazine Miss Townsend will commence a new story, entitled

#### BATTLE FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS; A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

This story is one into which Miss Townsend is entering with her whole heart, and the readers of the Home Magazine may look for a work of high interest. The domestic life, the suffering, the privation, the heroism and endurance of the women of the Revolution, will be presented in pictures to stir our pulses. In our own trials, we may now more fully comprehend the trials which they passed through, and the price once paid for the national existence now so fearfully imperilled.

 We would suggest to all who design making up clubs for next year, to begin their formation without any delay. The sooner you commence, the easier will be the work. If delayed, you will find that others have been in advance, and secured for other works the very names you counted on. As soon as you get four names, send on the subscription and get one of the premium plates. A sight of it will make you desire all the rest, and work for them too.

#### PREMIUMS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Our Premiums for next year are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine. They are large-sized photographs, (15 by 10 inches) executed in the highest style of the art, of magnificent English and French Engravings, four in number, as follows:—

#### GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

By HERRING.

#### THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

#### DOUBTS.

#### HEAVENLY CONSOLATION.


The prices of the engravings from which these splendid photographs have been made, are, for the first-named picture, \$10; for the second, \$5; for the third, \$10; and for the fourth, \$5. We give these prices, in order that the true excellence and value of the premiums may be understood. Herring's "Glimpse of an English Homestead," is one of the celebrated pictures of the day, and has won the admiration of all lovers of art in Europe and America; while the other three engravings are favorites with connoisseurs everywhere.


"The Soldier in Love," is half humorous, half serious, representing an old moustache in the toils of a young and handsome belle, to whom he is trying to make himself both useful and agreeable.

"Doubts" is a picture that teaches a deep moral lesson. The artist presents a group of four persons—two sisters, an aged grandmother, and a lover of one of the sisters. The title "Doubts" gives the emotion excited in the lover's mind, as he contrasts the worldliness and love of ornament in his betrothed, with the angelic self-forgetfulness of her sister, who comes forth sustaining the feeble steps of an aged grandmother. The picture tells its story so perfectly, that a single glance takes in the impressive moral it is designed to teach. As a work of art, it is one of high merit.

The fourth picture, "Heavenly Consolation," represents an invalid, supported by her sister, listening to consolations from the Holy Word, as read by a minister. It is a tender and touching picture, exquisitely grouped. The face of the beautiful invalid is full of patience and religious hope, and you feel, as you gaze upon it, that she is indeed drinking of heavenly consolation.

We repeat, that our Premiums for next year, are, beyond all question, the most beautiful and desirable yet offered by any magazine, and those who secure them, will possess impressions from true works of art, that will grow more beautiful to the eye, the longer they are possessed and examined.

 Any one sending a subscription to the Home Magazine, can, by adding fifty cents, secure either of the elegant premiums offered to those who make up clubs.

 Every two dollar subscriber will be entitled to, and receive, one of our premiums.

DECEMBER,

1861.



Vol. XVIII.

No. 6.

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,  
323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TERMS: \$2 a Year, in advance. Four copies for one year, \$5.

Single Numbers, price 15 cents.

# Contents of Home Magazine, December, 1861.

SUNSHINE IN DESERT PLACES. By NINA H—	P. 273
MY COGITATIONS. No. VII.—THE END. By SARA A. WENTZ.	274
MIGHT HAVE BEEN. By MAGGIE R. STEWART.	286
IT WILL NOT BE ALWAYS NIGHT.	287
NOTHING BUT MONEY. By T. S. ARTHUR. Concluded. Chapters XXXIV. and XXXV.	287
MY JOE. By ANGELINE H. GRUBY.	296
NERVOUS. By AUNT HATTIE.	299
BURNING AND SACKING OF WASHINGTON, BY THE BRITISH, IN 1814.	297
UNSOUGHT. By CLARA AUGUSTA.	302
SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.	302
VISION OF A DAY AND A NIGHT. By IRINE IRIS.	308
I HAD A DREAM. By MRS. S. K. FURMAN.	312
TO A C. THE LOVED ONE. By SAMUEL CAMERON.	312
LAY SERMONS: Through Tribulation.	313
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT: Children—How to Make your Child Happy—Little Shoes and Stockings.	315
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY: Our Gifts; by Virginia F. Townsend.	317
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS: Picture Frames—How to obtain the Genuine Flavor of Coffee—Good Biscuit or Short Cake—Cream Muffins—To Manage Honey—To Choose a Carpet—Stewed Apples and Custard—To put up Tomatoes for the Winter—Sweet Tomato Pickle—Pickled Lilly—Ripe Cucumbers in Sweet Pickle—Higdon— New Cream Cake—Cocoanut Cake—Sponge Cake.	319
HEALTH DEPARTMENT: Children at School.	323
TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE: Fall and Winter Fashions.	323
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT: Coming Down in the World—December—What is Involved!—Indian Summer—The Fearful and Unbelieving—The Wanderer's Return—Close of Volume XVIII.—Sick Soldiers—Plants in Bed- rooms—Ventilation—Adele, Dear—Do you Think it Fair?—A New Serial by Miss Townsend—A Good Daily Memorandum—Premiums for Next Year.	325

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Steel Plate—Drawing from Nature.                                    | 6. Fall and Winter Fashions.     |
| 2. The Young Mother.   | 7. Do. Do.                       |
| 3. The Wanderer's Return.  | 7. Needlework Pattern—Flouncing. |
| 4. Patterns for Needlework—Handkerchief Cor-<br>ners—Child's Overcoat. | 8. Cloak.                        |
|  | 9. Do.                           |

## PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF THE EDITORS.

So many of the readers of the Home Magazine have expressed a desire to have the Portraits of the Editors, that we have arranged with a Photographer to furnish them of the popular size known as the *Carte de Visite*, and will send them to any of our readers at cost, viz: 16 cents each portrait, postage free. Send stamps or the coin, as most convenient.

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SKETCHING FROM NATURE.



THE YOUNG WOMAN



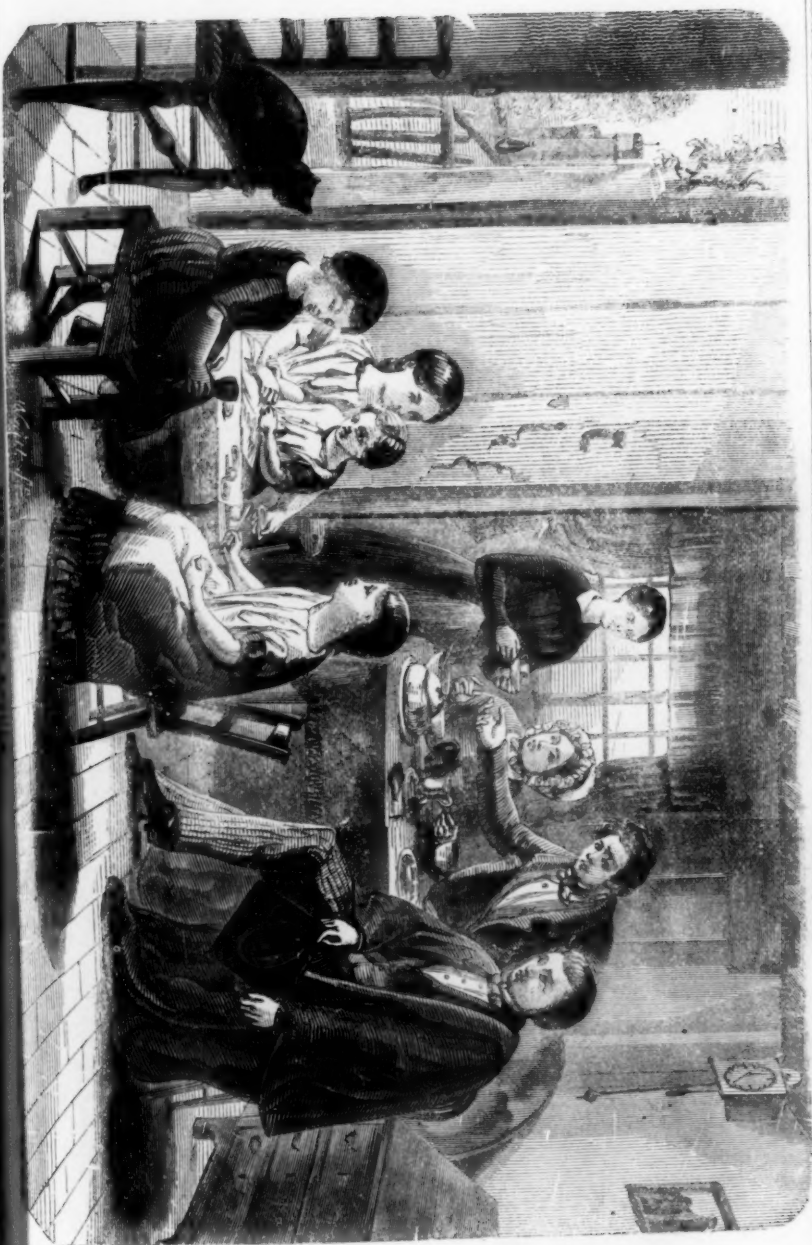
ALFRED H. BROWN



THE YOUNG MOTHER.

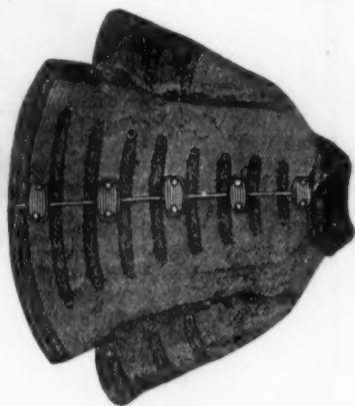








PATTERNS FOR NEEDLEWORK—HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS—CHILD'S OVERCOAT.



FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

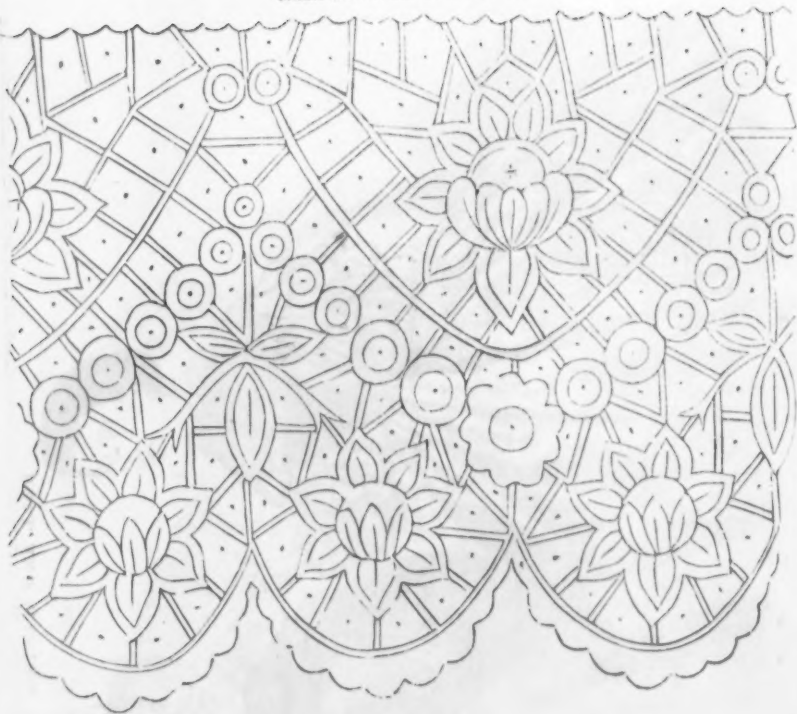


FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.





NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



FLOUNCING





CLOAK.

The style of this Cloak is both chaste and elegant, and exceedingly becoming to a young person of good figure.



CLOAK OF BLACK CLOTH, WITH WHITE BRAID TRIMMINGS.